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CHRONICLE

The War.—With the exception of the two extremities of the line that stretches from the Channel to Switzerland there has been no change in the positions of the hostile armies. East of Nieuport the French succeeded in capturing the town of St. Georges, but only after they had reduced it by artillery fire to a mass of ruins. Throughout the rest of the line there is little to record beyond continuous artillery contests which, however, have not materially affected the general situation. The main interest in the western conflict centres on the efforts of the Allies in Alsace. Here they have been making strenuous efforts to begin an invasion of the Rhine, and are reported to have transferred large bodies of troops from the coast to the vicinity of Thann, from which they have advanced on the town of Steinbach, and by a series of hand to hand conflicts have already succeeded in wresting half of the coveted territory from the Germans. How confident they are of ultimate success is clear from the fact that on New Year's day it was publicly announced in Paris that Upper Alsace has been restored to its place as a province of France, and that the Government had appointed a sub-prefect to administer the "department of Le Haut-Rhin." It will be interesting to watch the efforts of the French to regain Alsace, as it will be remembered what sacrifices they made to take and to hold this "lost province" in the beginning of the war. They have still a good deal of territory to capture before they will be in the position that they occupied in the first month of the struggle.

Bulletin, Dec. 28, p. m.-Jan. 5, a. m.

Alsace

In the east the line of battle, except in Galicia, has shifted very little. It still runs along the East Prussian border from a point a little west of Gumbinnen through Johannisburg almost to Soldau. Here it enters Poland and turns south, and after crossing the Vistula follows the banks of the Bzura and the Rawka. It passes some thirty miles to the west of Warsaw, crosses the Pilica, runs parallel to the Nida, but somewhat to the westward and so on across the Vistula and the Dunajec to the Carpathians. In East Prussia and in Poland neither side has made any advance, although desperate fighting has continued. Russia has been able to reenforce heavily her troops along the Bzura, and as a consequence Germany has transferred the brunt of her attack to the banks of the Rawka, where she is using her heavy guns. Russia seems to suspect that this is merely a cover for the transfer of troops further south, and that the Germans will soon begin another series of attempts to advance on Warsaw from another point. She feels confident, moreover, that the German retreat will soon begin. Berlin appears to be satisfied with the situation. Between the Pilica and the lower Vistula, in spite of occasional conflicts, there is something of a lull in the fighting.

Attack on Warsaw

The Austrians have again been outgeneraled in Galicia and defeated. Their plan, which at first seemed successful, has failed, according to their own admission, and they have been forced to fall back all along their line. Their offensive began by an advance on the Russians from three directions, from the west in the vicinity of Cracow, from the south across the Carpathians, and from the east from Przemysl. Their purpose was to concentrate a superior force at a single point and to get Russia between two fires. They failed because Russia was able to attack and defeat each body of troops sepa-

Austrian Defeat

rately. The garrison of Przemysl was driven back into the fortress; the army that came from Hungary is fighting its way back across the mountains, and dispatches from Petrograd already place the pursuing Russians in Hungary, and the army that had driven the Russians back fifty miles from Cracow to a line that ran along the Dunajec and the Biala rivers, is now in retreat. According to Russian reports in each instance the Austrians were routed. Although these reports are doubtless exaggerated, the Austrian defeat in Galicia seems to have been complete. Along the Pilica and the Nida, however, it would seem that they are still holding their own, although even here their offensive has spent itself.

The Note to Great Britain

In Washington and London on the last day of the year there was published the text of the note which had been sent some days previously to Great Britain by the United States. It was concerned with the seizure and detention of American cargoes by British warships, and contained a friendly but firm protest against the fettering of American shipping beyond the necessities of existing conditions, and in a way "not justified by the rules of international law or required by the principle of self-preservation." The document was strong, dignified and clear, but quite free from anything that could be construed into the semblance of a threat. Before it was published there had been some sinister prophecies as to the effect of the note, but the text itself makes it evident that there is no likelihood of its bringing about an interruption of the cordial relations existing between Great Britain and the United States. In England it has called forth much favorable comment and there is an evident disposition toward conciliation on the part of the British public.

Cancellation of Belgian Exequaturs

During the week Germany sent a note to the neutral Powers signifying her refusal to recognize the *exequaturs* issued to the consuls of neutral governments by Belgium, and her intention to cancel them. Consuls who remain must be acceptable to the *de facto* German military government. Unless they ask permission to continue their duties as consuls, it is requested that they be withdrawn. There are at present four consuls of the United States in Belgium, at Antwerp, Brussels, Ghent and Liège, who although unable to exercise their principal function, commerce having been interrupted by the occupation, have stayed at their posts and have devoted themselves to caring for American citizens and for refugees. They are all accredited to the Belgian Government. It is not clear that Germany, in her own name, means to issue *exequaturs* for Belgium, but she insists that it is a military necessity for the authorities in command of an occupied territory to control its civil business; and as a step toward such control she has demanded that consuls get permission from the military authorities to continue to act in their official capacity. The minister of the Belgian Government has protested against Germany's action, alleging that it implies sovereignty over Belgium. "The issue and the cancellation of an *exequatur*," these are his words, "are acts which imply the sovereignty of the State from which they emanate." Sovereignty over Belgium, however, he declares, Germany by no means possesses in so far as neutral States are concerned, but at most only *de facto* possession. According to this view, to admit the German claim to the right to cancel the *exequaturs* Belgium has issued, or to request approval for our consuls from the *de facto* military government would be tantamount to an official recognition of the annexation of Belgium. This view, however, is not held by all, for many think that acquiescence in Germany's demand would by no means commit this country to formal recognition. The United States is in no hurry to force the issue, as the same situation may soon arise in Egypt, where consuls are still accredited to the Turkish Government. Something similar happened in Kiao-Chow after its occupation by the Japanese, who insisted, and have continued to insist, on the withdrawal of all consuls, and this in spite of the fact that our trade in the Far East suffered considerably by their action. In that instance our Government deemed it wise to agree to Japan's demands. It is not unlikely that she will do the same if Germany insists. However, there is no probability of her doing anything that can be interpreted as a recognition of Belgium's annexation. Naturally she would prefer to follow what has been her practice in South America, where our consuls continue to exercise official functions all during the period of revolutionary changes.

Other Items

In the English Channel, on January 1, the British predreadnought battleship Formidable was sunk before dawn by a mine, or, more probably, by a German submarine. More than five hundred of her officers and crew were lost, as the ship went down immediately. During the week there has been constant talk of the possibility of Japanese troops being brought in large numbers to Europe to fight for the Allies. Japan herself has stated that she has not been approached on the matter, but it is generally supposed that while England has expressed no approval of the scheme, both France and Russia are in favor of it. There is this much show at least of foundation for the rumors, that Japanese statesmen have publicly discussed the profit and loss to Japan involved in such an undertaking and the price she probably would exact for active participation. The Hodeida incident is on the way to a satisfactory settlement. The Turkish Government has given orders that Italy's demands be complied with. A week of the time set by Italy still remains, and it is expected that before it has elapsed Turkey will have actually given satisfaction. The necessity of complying has doubtless been accentuated by the internal disorders at Constantinople, which have forced Turkey to concentrate her attention on the defence of her Asiatic possessions and especially the Dardanelles. Italian warships have bombarded Durazzo in Albania, further complicating affairs.

Austria-Hungary.—Few Americans, from the perusal of their daily press, can realize the great vitality which has been displayed by the Dual Monarchy in the present struggle. The enormous war loan raised by it was mainly the voluntary contribution of the class of people whose hard-earned savings were the result of personal labor or of modest business and agricultural undertakings. Such a circumstance demonstrates the strength of that national spirit which had long been obscured by the pettiness of party politics. It likewise proves that economically the country was far more sound than even its best friends had believed. The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* admits that, considering the great difference in commerce and industry between the two countries, Austria-Hungary can compare favorably in her generosity with Germany herself. Unwillingness to make signal sacrifices is ascribed only to the great capitalists of the country, whose offerings have, in proportion, fallen far short of those made by the middle classes. It has become evident, from the successive revelations brought about by this war, that little was understood by the world at large of the real spirit of the people, their love of country and their loyalty, which has in a moment of national peril united all the various races into one strong nation. Remarkable, too, have been the financial offerings made for proper hospital service and other similar needs of the country by the Catholic episcopate. To this must be added the fact that every Austrian Catholic regards the war against Russia as in reality a crusade carried on for the Catholic Church to preserve Europe from Russian orthodoxy.

Vitality of Austria-Hungary

Germany.—A leading article in the *Allgemeine Rundschau* calls attention to the delicate subject of the relations of the war to the religious peace of the country. It shows that the extreme Evangelical party has not yet desisted from its anti-Catholic campaign. The methods employed in time of peace correspond somewhat to those of the *Menace* and of the Guardians of Liberty in our own country. Many Protestant soldiers from thoroughly Evangelical sections of Germany learned to cast aside their prejudices only after coming into contact with Catholics. The soldiers, and even the officers, confessed that they feared to be taken to a Catholic hospital because they dreaded the reception and treatment which would be accorded to them there. Discrimination against Catholics and even open attacks upon their Faith are not wanting even now when perfect union of all elements is most desired. That such instances should still occur is not marvelous since the effects of the long years of agitation on the part of the more violent groups of German Evangelicals can not be undone at once. However the war will cause the Church to be more greatly respected and to become better known. It is gratifying in particular to note that Catholics can, without any reserve, acknowledge that "in the highest places of authority there exists the firm determination to prevent anything that could in the least offend the feelings of Catholics and to accord them full justice."

The War and Religious Peace

Great Britain.—An official report has been issued by the Commission appointed some months ago to consider the question of the employment of the Belgian refugees. Up to the present over a hundred thousand Belgians have found an asylum in England, but the Commission states that arrangements are being perfected to add to this number by bringing others from Holland. The latter country is said to harbor nearly half a million refugees. The report indicates certain industries in which the Belgians can be suitably employed. There is a shortage of British armament workers, and the Commission is seeking to place the refugees in the positions left vacant by textile workers, carpenters, miners and gardeners who have gone to the front. Complaints are noted that in certain quarters some of the Belgians were forced by necessity to engage in labor on unequal terms; but it would seem that on the whole the Commission has performed the extraordinarily difficult task imposed upon it with an unusual measure of success.

Employment of Belgian Refugees

Throughout England, January 3 was observed by all as a day of intercession. Cardinal Bourne officiated at Westminster Cathedral. In his letter to the clergy and people, the Primate implored the protection of God, not only for the forces, but for those at home "who are exposed to anxiety, suffering and sorrow." England has thoroughly awakened to the possibility of a foreign invasion. In Yorkshire special preparations have been made by enrolling a corps of civic guard volunteers, and uniforms, arms and equipment have been provided by public subscription. In the coast towns adjoining the Tynedale district and Sunderland, the police have served notice upon "persons regarded as undesirable," to quit the area within eight days. The persons affected are aliens of hostile countries, naturalized aliens of both sexes, and British-born descendants of aliens, to the second generation inclusive. Exception is made for persons of advanced age or extreme youth. These regulations indicate how acute the fear of spies has become along the coast.

Intercession Day

Ireland.—Differences of opinion on Ireland's relation to the war threatened to disrupt the Gaelic League, but Dr. Hyde has secured agreement that political views shall continue to have no part in it. Irish education in language and thought would make, he said, an Irish Ireland when present conflicts in war and politics were forgotten, and for this end the Gaelic League was the open door to Irishmen of all views. He was strongly supported by Bishop Cohalan, of Cork, who, while denying that Gaelic or any other language was essential to

Home Items

faith or nationality, insisted that as an important aid to both it should be taught in home and school and University. The Archbishop of Dublin has secured from the Dublin Corporation a suitable site for a Catholic Cathedral in the precincts of the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, on Abbey street, which had been built by King Malachy in 945. The Catholics of Dublin have had no Cathedral since the Reformation, the two existing Cathedrals, St. Patrick's and Christ Church, having been alienated for Protestant uses. The $60,000 required for the purchase of the site have been donated, and an appeal is to be made to the Irish Catholics of the world for means to erect an edifice worthy of the capital.

Mexico.—This unhappy land was never in a more chaotic state. The following letter reveals the plight of the people:

Chaos, Misery, Protests

Yours of the 18th enclosing letter from Father Quinn and a check for $10.00 was received Christmas eve. I take pleasure in reporting that we have had other returns from the printing of this appeal in AMERICA. A number of your readers have sent cash donations, and the Mother Superior of one convent writes that she is sending clothing. This is the kind of intervention we need in Mexico. It will bring peace and good will when all else fails. It is my earnest endeavor that these responses from the United States to Mexico's need shall do their appointed work; not only in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, but also in wiping out race prejudice and bringing the two peoples closer together.

I have no words to express adequately my thanks to you for printing this appeal, and to your readers for their generous response. I wish I could take them with me as I went on my rounds with your offering and theirs, on the Christmas eve just past, sometimes into the ruin of an ancient palace, great bare rooms stripped of every stick of furniture, only a heap of rags in one corner out of reach of the wind and rain driving through bullet-shattered windows, sometimes into windowless huts with the rain dripping through the palm-thatched roof on the dirt floor. I should like to be able to convey to you and your readers the prayers, the tears, the blessings: they are yours, not mine.

This has been a very hard winter for this part of the world. Cold and continuous rain, exposure and lack of food have made the people easy prey to disease. The situation is doubly difficult to handle, owing to the pride of the people, which has caused them to conceal their true condition until now we find almost a whole nation starving. Every day reveals more appalling conditions. During the past forty-eight hours word has been brought to us from a town to the south of us that the people are being kept alive by a small supply of seed corn which is doled out to them in infinitesimal portions from day to day. To add to the horror, smallpox in a malignant form is raging. I am trying to collect money for a car of supplies to be sent to that locality, but have no hope of sending what is most needed, a doctor and nurses. The people of the United States have responded generously to my appeal, but it will require continued and liberal giving through many months, otherwise famine and pestilence will finish what war has begun.

Again thanking you for myself and for this unhappy country, I remain Respectfully, etc.,

(MRS.) E. C. HENDRIX.

Matamoras, Mexico. *American Consulate.*

That interest in Mexico's condition has been aroused is apparent from the appended resolutions adopted by the Boston Central Labor Union:

Organized Labor, ever ready to assist the down-trodden, no matter of what race, color or creed, calls your attention to the outrages on women and young girls in Mexico as outlined in the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Boston Central Labor Union Sunday, December 20th:

WHEREAS, The information received through the press and other sources from Mexico relative to the outrages by the armed military upon defenceless women and young girls fills us with horror and makes our blood boil within us at the indignities the religious and peaceful residents of that country have been subjected to;

WHEREAS, Every liberty-loving citizen, no matter of what color, nationality or creed, holds as the highest and most valued possession the right to worship his Creator according to his conscience, and any and every effort to restrict such worship calls for a vehement protest:

WHEREAS, The entering of convents by the mad and infuriated mobs under guise of the military, the outraging of the inmates, whose lives were dedicated to Almighty God in working for His people, the sacrilegious orgy which attended the pillaging of the places of worship, the insults and assaults heaped upon the clergy and their followers, are so harrowing and brutal that, even in the most callous person every instinct of manhood is aroused and calls for a vehement protest against these barbarities; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, in meeting assembled, respectfully call upon President Woodrow Wilson to protest, in the name of humanity and freedom of worship, against such outrages and indignities; and be it further

Resolved, That we call upon our members of Congress to take this matter up with President Wilson to the end that such outrages will cease for all time.

The Boston Central Labor Union desires your organization to take similar action in the matter by adopting the resolutions or drafting others in a similar vein and forwarding same to President Woodrow Wilson in Washington, also to the Massachusetts Senators and Congressmen.

For the Boston C. L. U.

JOHN J. BARRY, *President*,
HENRY ABRAHAMS, *Secretary*.

This is but one of the many movements under way in favor of the republic beyond the Rio Grande. Others will be described later. As usual, in cases of this kind, preachers are on the hustings striving to fix the blame for Mexico's condition on the Church. The devil's work is their opportunity. How amusing their efforts are can be learned from the lecture of a Methodist preacher who, according to the Buffalo *Express* of December 28, cited, among other causes for the revolution, the fact that Mexican priests sold indulgences and levied a heavy tax upon the people for every service. As was fitting, this lecturer was introduced by a bishop who, shortly after the death of a prominent and highly respected citizen of Buffalo, calumniated the dead man in a most offensive way. Mr. Lind, too, once our special ambassador to Mexico, has seen fit to enter the lists *publicly* against the Church. As Dr. Francis C. Kelly, President of the Church Extension Society, is showing in a book, which will be issued in a short time, the sometime ambassador seems to have made poor use of an old edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." On another page of this paper will be found an open letter to Mr. Lind.

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Experimental Inoculation

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Some two weeks ago one of our papers published a series of articles on the morality of permitting a convict who offered himself as a victim, to be inoculated with cancer germs, in the interests of science. Yesterday I was discussing the case with some friends and I went away from their company bewildered by the contradictory opinions, and intent on writing to you for an exposition of the case, from the standpoint of Catholic morality. Can you not give space to an article on this topic?

Brooklyn. I. T. S.

PERHAPS nothing in the world throws a serious man into profounder despondency than the handling of moral questions by the daily press. In the first place, the newspaper confuses issues. Unaccustomed to exactness of expression, the newspaper writer, in the course of an article, will state a question in two or three ways, the same to him, but to one habituated to consider the definite meaning of terms, altogether different, each calling for a special solution. In the second place, the newspaper seems to have no idea of an absolute standard of right and wrong, and of a moral science concerned with its application. When a question involving the morality of a legal question comes up, a whole page may be filled with lawyers' views on it. When another arises in some medical or surgical matter, we may read at equal length what the doctors think. It never occurs, apparently, to the editor that a lawyer's business is merely to know the law and its application; the physician's or the surgeon's, to understand the body's ills and their cure. As to the morality of some particular case, neither doctor nor lawyer has any special right to decide. Each has the conscience of the ordinary man, the ordinary moral principles for guidance in every-day affairs; but in difficult matters each is as much obliged to seek guidance as the grocer, or the shoemaker. Should either undertake to settle the problems himself, he will bungle as sadly as would a moral theologian attempting to fix a doubtful title, or to operate for appendicitis.

An example of all this was had a short time ago. A criminal under life sentence offered himself to be inoculated with cancer by physicians studying the disease. A newspaper announced the fact under the heading: "Should 'Lifer' be Sacrificed for Science?" Thus it changed the whole question. The real point of issue was, whether a man—criminal or not, makes no difference—may allow himself to be the subject of a definite experiment: the question as put by the newspaper was, whether, in general, public authority may use its convicts for scientific experiments without their consent. Whence follows a most serious consequence. The general public, more impressed with the glaring head-lines, is likely to apply whatever solution of the real question is given, to another question, entirely different. The matter having been proposed, a reporter was sent out to gather the doctors' views. They had much to say. Some appealed to the law, not knowing that no positive law can change the definite intrinsic morality of an act. Others drew conclusions from parallel cases, a most dangerous proceeding. Absolutely parallel cases are not so common. There is usually some point of difference; and it may happen very easily that on this point the whole morality of the matter turns. Others consider the question from a sentimental standpoint; but none laid down any definite moral principles.

Some argue that, as from common consent a soldier may volunteer on a forlorn hope, though he should lose his life, it must be lawful also to allow one's self, in order to promote the common welfare, to be inoculated with a disease. The reasoning is *a pari*. We must consider, therefore, the principles governing the case cited and others of like nature, and see whether they apply in the case in question.

The principles are these: The free disposal of human life is not in man's power, and this is true of his own life as well as of another's. Hence no act necessarily or directly causing death can be used as a means to an end, however good this may be. With regard to an act bringing about death indirectly and as a consequence only, but not as a necessary effect, the case is different. If the act is in itself indifferent, it may be used to obtain a good end; and thus it will share in the goodness of the end. There must be a due proportion between the means and the end. One can imperil his life only for a good more universal, either intensively so, as when for the sake of charity one plunges into the sea to save a drowning man, or extensively so, as when by the act of one a number receive real benefit. Now, with regard to the forlorn hope mentioned above, the actual passing over the ground covered by the charge is not a death-producing act: the firing of the enemy's guns is its consequence, but not its effect; the end to be obtained is of great importance; for, abstracting from special cases which may include, for instance, the saving of the entire army, the action of those who volunteered on a forlorn hope is always a high example of military virtue which encourages others and contributes powerfully to discipline and fortitude, so necessary for success.

Coming now to the case at issue, we must point out that inoculation is not a parallel case to the one we have just considered, for now death is not the effect of the act, but its consequence only: the contracting of the disease is the direct effect of inoculation. In the forlorn hope, so far is the soldier from intending his own death, that the success of the undertaking depends generally upon the survival of the danger by as many as possible; the inoculated person, on the contrary, deliberately intends to contract the disease, as the means necessary to attain his end. One may say that this is not the case when one submits to inoculation in order to prove a disease non-contagious. This is only apparently true. The intention still is to contract the disease if possible; and the demon-

stration is valueless unless every means be taken to ensure the contracting of it. Moreover, should death follow inoculation, it may be so intimately associated with the disease that the contracting of the disease was practically the sentence of death. Hence in willing to contract the disease and in taking the means to do so, one is in such cases compassing his own death.

Wherefore inoculation can not be defended in the way that such cases as the forlorn hope are justified. One thing, however, remains. Inoculation is not a necessary cause of death, because the disease it is intended to effect has not always a fatal issue. Here we must introduce another principle. When a cause has two distinct effects, one indifferent and the other bad, if the former be the direct and primary effect and the latter indirect and secondary, we may seek the indifferent effect to gain a good end and permit the bad effect, provided it have no efficacy in producing the end desired and we are under no special obligation to impede it. To appreciate the bearing of this on the question, we must notice the common distinction between fatal and non-fatal diseases. The former end ordinarily in death and recovery is the exception; with the latter the reverse is the case. In the former recovery is accidental; in the latter death is so. In a mortal disease, then, one can not practically look on the disease and death as two distinct effects, since death is involved in the disease; and so one could not, for instance, allow a rattlesnake to bite him that doctors might try possible remedies. It seems that for the same reason one could not permit himself to be inoculated with plague and such like diseases. In non-fatal diseases the case seems different, the disease, coming directly and primarily from the inoculation, and death coming from it secondarily in those occasions in which certain physical conditions obtain in the subject. The former alone is intended and used for scientific investigation; the latter is, as far as possible, averted; but if it happens accidentally it is merely permitted. If, then, in such a case there be no positive reason requiring one to take every care to avoid death, it seems, he may submit himself to inoculation under certain conditions.

These are as follows: As soon as the disease declares itself every means must be used to secure a favorable issue. As between the two extremes of fatality and non-fatality there are almost as many degrees as there are diseases, each case must be examined individually, and it is not allowed to argue boldly from one case to another. As there is question of inducing a disease that may result in death, the good to be obtained must be very definite, of grave importance, and the more so according as the danger increases. When a disease is near the dividing line, between fatal and non-fatal, the burden of proving that it belongs to the latter category rests on those who would use the experiment. As to the special case of cancer, since it is generally reckoned among diseases necessarily fatal, and very near the top of the scale, too, inoculation, with its germs, appears unlawful until physicians prove clearly that the disease may be transferred to the non-fatal category. HENRY WOODS, S.J.

The Opportunity of the Young Men of America

THERE is opportunity to-day for every young man in America. Twenty years ago there were comparatively few positions paying $4,000 or $5,000 a year and over. To-day there are many men in various cities of this country drawing salaries of this amount or more. Further, every ten years sees a large percentage of new men at the head of the commercial and financial institutions of America. These new men come largely from the ranks, a fact which illustrates that the opportunity for young men is greater to-day than ever in the history of this nation. Business will continue to expand and new products will be manufactured, new fields for the sale of merchandise will come into existence, and no country on the globe promises better than does the United States.

Unhampered by social, hereditary, or other caste distinction, the young man of America is free to make himself whatever his natural ability, energy and activity dictate. It is only necessary to look about and see on all sides the number of our most successful men whose origin was humble. With few advantages and many handicaps, they began the struggle of life. Nevertheless they progressed step by step and reached the goal of success by sheer will power, energy and grit. These men had not a college education, but they had an indefatigable determination to learn and succeed. The young man who argues that his progress is handicapped because he has not had the advantage of a college education will not go far toward success. Poverty never spoils a good man. Unearned prosperity often does. There are always good reasons for a real man's success. It is not due to luck. Lack of success is often the result of wasted opportunity.

Some men learn all they know from books, others from life. Both are essential to a degree. It is the man who knows enough about practice to test his theories for defects that gives the world a shove around on its axis and finds a fair margin of profit for himself from the effort. Education is a good deal like eating. One can not always tell what particular thing he learned that did him most good. A young man must go to work in the morning with a firm determination to make that day count for something if he expects to return home with any degree of satisfaction. Depending on "hindsight" to point out opportunity will never avail him much. The capable man is one part talk and nine parts judgment and he uses the nine parts of judgment to tell where and when to use the one part of talk.

It is probable that the situation in Europe may result in America having a large increase in immigration; immigration of a kind that will help us. There are many Germans, French, Austrians and English who will look to America as their future home. I believe that condi-

tions abroad will cause many of the best people of these nations to seek our shores for their future livelihood. If such should prove to be the case, I would ask the young men of America to watch the progress of these thrifty foreigners. Many of the strangers will be handicapped in not speaking our language, in not knowing our customs and, perhaps, by a lack of money. But notwithstanding these things, many of them will, in ten years, be ahead of numerous young men of America, who to-day have every advantage and numerous opportunities.

Summed up, opportunity and ultimate success rest, to a large extent, with the individual. There are men who will succeed in spite of apparently insurmountable obstacles. There are other men who will fail, notwithstanding opportunity and the assistance of many friends. Every man can hew his statue of success out of the block of opportunity, and the necessary tools are integrity, thoroughness and energy, and, I will add, judgment and adaptability.

FESTUS J. WADE,
President Mercantile Trust Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Catholics and Socialism

AT present great efforts are made by socialists to obtain recruits to their ranks from the Catholic fold. "Why Catholic Workers Should Be Socialists" is an article by Carl D. Thompson, the Director of the Information Department of the Socialist Party, and is the latest attempt to counteract the opposition of Catholic organizations to socialism, and to catch the weak-kneed ones among us in the meshes of the Marxian net. This article has already gone the rounds of the socialist press from Boston to Los Angeles, and is now being spread broadcast in leaflet form by the hundreds of thousands.

The appeal opens with a paragraph of praise for Pope Leo XIII. Mr. Thompson knows that it is much easier to catch flies with honey than with the tartaric acid some of his comrades have been using. However, flies only, not men, will be content with his words, which are far too sweet to be wholesome. "Pope Leo felt a deep concern for the working people." That is true, and it was this deep concern that caused the Pope to issue the encyclical which Mr. Thompson wilfully misconceives and misapplies. It was Pope Leo's deep concern for the working people that prompted him to warn them of the dangers of socialism, of the "crafty agitator" who, "working upon the poor man's envy of the rich," seeks to fill the heart of the former with seditious teachings. The encyclical is something more than a condemnation of socialism. It is a severe indictment of the unjust conditions that prevail; it is a condemnation of the heartlessness of grasping employers who make the life of the toilers hard indeed; it is a demand for a remedy—for good moral and physical environments, for security, for a living wage, for a multiplicity of owners of property. When socialists use the Pope's exposé of evils to turn workmen to the view opposite to that expressed in the encyclical they become diabolical indeed.

Mr. Thompson says every socialist agrees with Pope Leo, when he contends that as effects follow cause, so is it just that the results of labor should belong to him who labored. Do socialists really agree with what Pope Leo says? Certainly not. They have deliberately torn this excerpt from the context and set it upon the false premises of socialism. The Pope is referring directly to the right of property in land and indirectly to the ownership of private property in capital, declaring in the selfsame paragraph from which the excerpt is taken, that a man has not only the right to use land and to have the fruits thereof, but also the right to possess outright either the land on which he has built, or the estate he has brought under cultivation, and asserting, moreover, that socialists, by denying these rights, would defraud men of the fruits of their labor. Proceeding from the basic illustration of the man working for wages and with his wages buying land, the land being his wages in another form, the Pontiff asserts the man's right to own the land as the fruit of his work, and also his right to bequeath the land to his heirs. The papal document then condemns the socialists' denial of the right of a man to operate capital for his personal advantage. The encyclical plainly sets down the man's right to lucrative property, in other words, to private property in the form of capital. Moreover, the Pope makes clear that he considers the capitalist a factor in production, and hence justly entitled to the results of his industrial efforts. The Pope repudiates the socialist theory of the "class struggle," "that class is naturally hostile to class," saying it is "irrational," "false," for "capital can not do without labor, nor labor without capital." By capital and labor are personified the two living factors in production for exchange. Hence, both the owners and directors of industries, as well as the employees, are severally entitled to the result of their efforts. When these plain facts are stated the pronouncements of Pope Leo are seen to be contrary to the socialist contention, viz., that the labor of the workman is the one only factor in the production of economic value, and that to the working classes shall be given the whole product of industry.

No fair-minded man will dispute that the economic principles laid down by Pope Leo in his encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, are most just. Every man is entitled to the fruits of his own labor, no man has a right to live on the sweat and labor of another. But the socialist principle is unjust. It would deprive men of their God-given right to own and inherit substantial property, land and capital; it would lead them to confiscate the property of others. It was, indeed, the deep concern of Pope Leo for the working people which caused him to say that "The first and most fundamental principle, therefore, if one would undertake to alleviate the condition of the masses, must be the inviolability of private property."

Socialists of world-wide authority realize and frankly

acknowledge that the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII makes clear the dividing line between socialism and the Church. It is only when the socialist tacticians are trying to seduce Catholic workmen to come into the army of the revolution that the words of Pope Leo XIII are twisted to serve a base purpose. The President of the International Socialist Bureau, Emile Vandevelde, says Catholics can not consistently be socialists, "Because the Catholic Church does not only profess a metaphysical, but a social doctrine which is the very opposite to socialism." In "Le Mouvement Socialiste" Mr. Vandevelde quotes the position of Pope Leo XIII on property as outlined in *Rerum Novarum*, saying, "The context shows that by private property the Pope means capitalism, as well as personal property, the fruits of labor." This international leader then asks the question, "Can a sincere believer follow the Church's teachings and yet be a socialist?" His reply is that, "Considering the weight given by Catholics to the Pope's words, we are bound to admit that both in philosophy and in politics there must be war between socialism and the Church."

Must not, then, a candid man admit that Mr. Thompson is not acting in good faith, but with deceitful intentions, when he presumes to show "Why Catholic Workers Should Be Socialists" upon the authority of Pope Leo? His assumption appears to be just, because in the second paragraph of his article Mr. Thompson makes much of the authoritative source of his alleged information, stating that the encyclical bears the *nihil obstat* of the *censor librorum*, and the *imprimatur* of a cardinal. Then when this is done "the weight of the Pope's words" is discredited flippantly. Thompson, the sometime minister, takes it upon himself to read us a lesson in Catholic history and theology. He tells us that Pius IX and Leo XIII "were the only Popes who referred to the matter [of socialism] at all"; that "we have no absolute statement of any Pope or Council on the question"; that the pronouncements issued are not infallible, therefore Catholic workers may become socialists "without thereby violating the discipline of the Church."

Setting to one side the impudence shown by socialists in issuing instructions to Catholics, are Catholics indeed free to disregard at will all papal pronouncements save those that are *ex-cathedra*? What theologians of the Catholic Church ever proclaimed that the faithful are subject to the discipline of infallible pronouncements only? Not one of them! The contrary is true. Pope Pius IX in his "Syllabus of Modern Errors" (No. 22 Cf. *Ep. "Quas libenter" ad archiepisc., Monaco-Frisingensen*, 21 Dec., 1863.) condemned the very error that Mr. Thompson is inculcating. It can not be denied that three Popes have condemned socialism; that cardinals, bishops and accredited priests are a unit in proclaiming socialist philosophy to be the very opposite of Christian philosophy. This is the reason why the socialist position on the family, on property, on the responsibilities, rights and duties of the individual, the family and the State is admitted by every well-informed Catholic to be contrary to Christian teaching. Consequently the faithful know *why Catholic workers should not be socialists*, they know why the remedy for social ills must rest upon Christian truth.

DAVID GOLDSTEIN,
Secretary Boston School of Political Economy.

Vitalism

A TRANSLATION of "The History and Theory of Vitalism," by Hans Driesch, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Heidelberg, has just been published by Macmillan. The book was originally published in German some years ago, but this translation has had the advantage of Professor Driesch's revisions. It may therefore be considered an up-to-date statement of the position of vitalism. A generation ago when Darwinism was at the height of its interest the question as to whether the operations of living beings were merely manifestations of physical and chemical forces or due to some additional force, life, which ordered and coordinated the physical and chemical forces at work, was much discussed. The great majority of biologists were frank materialists. For them there were no forces in living things beyond what was observed in non-living matter. With an easy shifting of opinion that is very admirable in its way, science has now changed all that, or at least the younger generation of biologists now hold a very different opinion, and vitalism which attributes the operations of living creatures to a force distinct and superior to physical and chemical forces has become quite fashionable. Professor Driesch, of Heidelberg, is the protagonist of the vitalists in our day. He has given in this volume three proofs of vitalism which he thinks are incontrovertible, and he is acknowledged to be one of the distinguished scientists as well as philosophers of Germany.

Some six years ago Professor Driesch published his first volume of Gifford lectures delivered at Edinburgh. The last paragraph of the preface is interesting at the present moment when we have been hearing so much of culture and nationality:

> The lectures in this book were written in English by a German and delivered at a Scottish University. Almost all of the ideas discussed in it were first conceived during the author's long residence in Southern Italy. Thus this book may be a witness to the truth which, I hope, will be universally recognized in the near future—that all culture, moral and intellectual and esthetic, is not limited by the bounds of nationality.

In the Gifford lectures as delivered at Edinburgh, Professor Driesch, though in the British home of Darwinism, did not hesitate to declare that "Darwinism fails all along the line." His lectures attracted profound attention and quite disturbed the usual complacent acceptance of Darwinism as a dogma unquestioned. Driesch insisted that:

> Selection has proved to be a negative factor only and this betokens the complete collapse of dogmatic Darwinism as a general

theory of descent: the most typical features of all organisms remain as unexplained as ever." Professor Driesch particularly made it clear that "what natural selection explains is why certain types of organic specifications, imaginable *a priori*, do *not* actually exist, but it never explains at all the existence of animal and vegetable forms that are actually found. To say that a man has explained some organic character by natural selection is in the words of Naegeli the same as if some one who has asked the question 'Why is this tree covered with these leaves' were to answer 'Because the gardener did not cut them away.' Of course that would explain why there were no more leaves than those actually there, but it would never account for the existing leaves as such. Nor do we understand in the least why there are white bears in the polar regions if we are told that bears of other colors could not survive.

It was Darwinism pushed to an exaggeration that led to the eclipse of vitalism a generation ago. In his "History and Theory of Vitalism," Driesch talks of it as the "Darwinism which explained how by throwing stones one could build houses of a typical style of architecture." He adds "Darwin is unfortunately always made to suffer for the sins of his followers and the words Darwinism and Darwinian are quite established. Darwin himself, though not always critical, kept clear of the chief errors of Darwinism."

Professor Driesch calls attention to the bitterness with which any tendencies to vitalism were actually resented in scientific circles a generation ago. Only a few very great scientists dared to exhibit any leanings toward the vitalistic doctrine. Young men particularly who showed any tendencies this way were at once laughed to scorn. Talk about the *odium theologicum*, it is as nothing compared to the *odium scientificum* though scientists are always prating about their freedom of mind and opinion. Driesch says:

> A true doctrine is never completely extinguished. It may for a time be *out-shouted* by its opponents but there are always a few who, whatever may befall, pursue their way heedless of all the uproar of the day. And indeed things were not pleasant for the few who when materialism was at its zenith guarded the tradition of the old, that is of the vitalistic, biology. People would have preferred to have locked them up in madhouses had not "senility" "excused" them to a certain point.

Driesch tells of the general attitude of German scientists toward Albert Wigand, one of the really great scientists of the day. "I can myself bear witness," he says, "that even so late as the end of the eighties it was hardly considered respectable to speak of Wigand's great Critique in any but the most disparaging terms, or to regard the man as other than an utter idiot." Such intolerance is usually proclaimed by scientists to be reserved for the field of religious controversy. Apparently even scientists are human beings and with all of humanity's weaknesses.

Professor Driesch shows, however, that it was the really great biologists who maintained the tradition of vitalism. The smaller men are always in a hurry to make sensational contradictions of old-fashioned notions. Even the great physicists and chemists whose exclusive devotion to the study of matter might possibly be expected to influence their judgment toward materialism were not so materialistic as the small-fry biologists who were very loud in their expressions on the subject. Liebig long ago, Ostwald, Hertz, Maxwell, were far less prejudiced in their views than biologists. Liebig, in a passage that is always apt, is quoted by Driesch as deprecating the confident proclamations of "Dilettanti who have strolled so far as the portals of scientific research and then claimed the right to discourse to an ignorant and credulous public how the world and life really arose and how far we have got in the solution of the deepest problems;" to which Driesch adds, "Of whose disquisitions on the relations of the body and mind nothing remains when they are divested of all their gaudy trappings but the single assertion that we can no more think without a brain than walk without legs."

Driesch has insisted that the "brain and the nervous system appear as nothing but as necessary means for putting the 'acting' factor into connection with material nature; but they are not themselves the acting factor." As his conclusion the Heidelberg Professor confesses that science can not solve the universe. He is more modest than most scientific writers who can solve everything under the sun and a few other things besides by the application of their little science. Professor Driesch thinks that "The problem of theism or pantheism then must remain unsolved and surrendered to belief; and we may only say that those who regard the thesis of the theory of order as necessary for everything that is or can be, must accept theism and are not allowed to speak in the words of Bergson, of *dieu qui se fait*, that is of god [be it noted with a small letter] who makes himself." The book will evidently provide some conservative reading for serious students of science and will be an encouragement for those who having remained conservatives used to be thought so far behind in the procession of scientific thinkers, though now they find themselves among the leaders, for the procession of thought has completed its usual cycle and come round to them.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D.

Holland and the War

BARRING actual fighting and its concomitant horrors, Holland, though strictly neutral, is receiving its full share of the ill effects of the war. The forced mobilization of her army has virtually paralyzed all of her industries. Some two hundred and fifty thousand of her workers and bread-winners had to be called to the colors for the purpose of protecting the country's neutrality at the border lines. Her commerce, which in normal times greatly exceeds in volume that of much larger sized countries, has likewise been crippled badly. The numerous restrictions put in force by some of the belligerents principally account for this. Add thereto the hundreds of thousands of Belgian refugees that have sought safety across her frontier and it is easy to realize the serious plight in which both the Government and the Nation find themselves. The refugee problem is by no means the least perplexing. At the time of the fall of Antwerp fully 800,000 Belgians streamed across the border. Scarcely a town or hamlet within the confines of the kingdom

that did not receive its quota of fugitives to be cared for. Such, indeed, was the influx that great cities like Rotterdam had to announce publicly their inability to add a single stranger to the many thousands already crowded within their walls. In some of the larger border towns as, for instance, Roozendael and Bergen-op-Zoom, the number of refugees for several weeks exceeded twice and three times the normal number of permanent residents.

The Belgians that came over to Holland, be it said, mostly belonged to the poorer class, the more well-to-do having sought refuge in England and France. Nevertheless, Holland is acquitting herself nobly of the gigantic task the fortunes of war have unexpectedly thrust upon her. Everywhere the war victims have been received with open arms and are being treated in a most generous manner. Not the least conspicuous part in this general display of hospitality has been taken by the Dutch Catholics. Seminaries, colleges, schools, orphan asylums and hospitals everywhere threw wide their doors to the sorely stricken thousands. The numerous foreign mission houses and monasteries of the two mainly Catholic Provinces of North Brabant, and Limburg in particular, distinguished themselves by their open-handed hospitality. Their action has been such as to draw forth from the liberal press of the country the most unqualified encomiums of praise and admiration. This is all the more striking since ordinarily this same press has nothing but words of sneering contempt for the Religious Orders. About six months ago the admission into Holland of a number of Spanish religious was objected to by one of the leading liberal daily papers, the reason adduced being that these Friars belonged to a class to be looked upon as "suspicious characters," *verdacht allooi*. But since then this same paper has been constrained to acknowledge the Friars' usefulness, and in its meed of praise for the conduct of the Religious Orders in the present emergency, it goes so far as to deprecate the very suggestion raised in some quarters of including a mortmain tax among the relief measures in behalf of the national exchequer. And this mortmain tax has ever been one of the pet liberal theories!

As to the refugees themselves, the warm reception given them everywhere has greatly comforted them in their present misfortune. They are exceedingly grateful to their Dutch brethren, and the natural tie of race and language between Holland and Flanders has undoubtedly been strengthened. In a lengthy letter to the Archbishop of Utrecht, His Eminence, Cardinal Mercier of Malines, has expressed his own abounding gratitude and that of his dear Belgians for the cordial and brotherly treatment shown them by the Catholics of Holland in particular, and by the Dutch Government and public in general.

At the same time the prevailing extraordinary conditions are exercising a considerable strain on the country's finances. The army alone calls for nearly a million gulden extra expense a day, while the support of the refugees requires huge sums of money in addition. Both England and France have offered to help the Dutch Government to support the Belgian refugees, but the latter has positively refused to accept any aid either from foreign governments or from foreign organizations, deeming such acceptance incompatible with the national honor. To meet these extraordinary calls the Government of Holland has recently issued a war loan of two hundred and fifty million gulden ($100,000,000), which will tide over the financial difficulties till May of the coming year.

With regard to the economic situation in Holland, the Government is confronted with further difficulties owing to the embargo on food-stuffs. These are now being imported into Holland exclusively through the agency of its general Government, whose supply of wheat is kept so limited that black bread at present constitutes the main diet both of rich and poor. The Dutch Government naturally has protested against these restrictions.

As reflecting the standard and enterprise of Holland's numerous Catholic daily papers, two among them, *De Tyd* of Amsterdam and *De Maasbode* of Rotterdam, have lately attained international recognition as purveyors of war news. Both these papers are represented in the war zone by their own correspondents, whose dispatches are frequently reproduced by the Associated Press of this country. *De Maasbode* a week or two ago was referred to as receiving news from far-away Przemysl by carrier pigeon via Berlin to Rotterdam.

V. S.

"Round the Mulberry Bush"

HE into whose arms children leaped for a caress has bid us remember that the feet of children tread not an earthly but a heavenly kingdom. The place where they play, and they are playing always, is one of God's great open spaces not made of hands but of skies. We elders who have unlearned and forgotten the philosophy of golden make-believe that made our childhood a conquest have forsworn the broad liberties of our Father's kingdom to coop ourselves up within the straightness of Broadway or Piccadilly. But our children are not the simpletons we are. For the moment, they are too near the gates of heaven to be smitten by any of the littered highways of the world.

In nothing more than in their play is the heavenly wisdom of the little ones inexpressible. Of late years in the great cities where children die and "gold groweth," the educationalists have contrived a medicine entitled "organized games." Boys and girls—girls rather than boys—are found to be so unchildlike as to need a master or a mistress in their own monopoly of make-believe. In the same school-yard where they are drilled by force of law they are gathered together out of school hours into a little slave-community of organized playmates. God bless the gentle folk who have had mercy on the fledglings of our cities. But Heaven destroy the state of things that has stolen from the children their play kingdom of the skies! Plato has bid us take note that when a people's music changes great harm may befall the State. Of still greater account than the songs the people sing are the games the children play. When these cease, all that can be done for the people is to bury it with great weeping.

Some two years ago now on a Sunday evening about six of the clock I had a God-appointed proof that the children with their divine art of play are, if not the salt of the earth, at least the world's necessary sweetness. It was on the steerage foredeck of the R. M. S. Carmania bound westward for New York. I imagine that most of the passengers, like myself, were in an ill-humor with things in general and with weather in particular that had delayed us some twenty-four hours, when every hour was of value to our plans. I take it that not even the Mersey Harbor Board would be aggrieved if we said that one of the world's grayest outlooks is the Canada dock; and the grayest hour of the week for seeing this nether side of mammon's coverlet is an evening hour of an English Sunday.

We, the eight hundred steerage passengers, were crowding in dull patience the cumbered foredeck of the great liner. A polyglot humanity was crooning over its leave-takings in a tragedy of reserve. The inborn and happily immortal cheerfulness of the poor was for the moment stilled under deep sorrow. Nothing in sky or land, nothing in the flock of gray clouds, nothing in the dull deserted warehouses furthered the fortune of the ideal within our soul. Home was a heart-breaking memory, the ocean with its dangers was before us; Canada dock and a dispirited army of fellow-exiles all we could see, outside the hands of God. I looked round, and then startled my nearest neighbors by saying with emphatic relief: "Thank

God, there are some children!" From what will presently appear, the words were as much prophecy as thanks.

For the children soon came into their kingdom. They found it ready to hand on the foredeck of the Carmania in the gray misery of Canada dock. My brother, who is a father and a doctor, has often said in my hearing: "Children that can not evolve a most exciting and even dangerous game out of half-a-dozen oyster shells, should be taken to the cook or the doctor. They need either food or medical treatment." It was a good hap that the children on the Carmania were in good health. For suddenly when the gray had angered down into a sullen black, the children's kingdom flashed upon the foredeck.

Upon the deck there is a house which serves at once as a protector to the steerage companion-stairs and as a support for the derrick windlasses. The roof of the house on deck projects some three feet beyond the walls and is supported by round white steel stanchions some four inches thick. I set these things down because it will be seen how the fancy of the little ones was in creative mood. Indeed, like the Master of children it created a world out of nothing.

Suddenly the children began to clasp hands, to dance and sing. Then one of them, the inevitable and undisputed leader, broke their mystic chain. There was a swift military evolution; in a trice the garland of clasped hands was around one of the four-inch, round, white stanchions of the house-on-deck and the children were dancing as they sang, "Round the Mulberry Bush."

I knew it would happen. I knew the moment I saw their little feet that they were the beautiful white feet that would lead us back to the hills from which they came. And I knew as certainly as a man might know that he could not long fare in the company of angels without seeing sooner or later the flashing of white wings.

Only for a moment did your little feet dance and your sweet voices sing: "Round the Mulberry Bush," children of the Carmania! But the music of your dance and song was to one who stood near you the opening of a golden gate in your children's kingdom. The gate is still open; I still tread, within the waste of waters, your kingdom's golden streets!

VINCENT M'NABB, O.P.

COMMUNICATIONS

The Deadly "Perpendicular"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Please remove our name from the list of your subscribers, as we do not appreciate the rehashed, one-sided "War-news" of "the Associated liars" in a Catholic periodical. We would advise you to solicit subscriptions from the good Catholic Cossacks, Serbs and the savage tribes of Africa and India, whose cause you so warmly espouse.

Covington, Ky. B. F.

[Our correspondent omitted the inhabitants of Mars from his enumeration.—*Editor* AMERICA.]

To the Editor of AMERICA:

My subscription to AMERICA expires January, 1915. I do not desire to read your paper any longer. Perhaps Petrograd or Tokyo or any other of the "All-lies" enjoy it better.

Osceola, Wis. M. A. SCHENZ.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am quite amused to see the poor Father Editor placed between two fires by his readers. Some find him awfully in favor of the Allies, others of the Germans. As for me, German though I am, I find that you alone of all the American newspapers and magazines, as far as I see them, show a little, nay, a lot of common sense; and therefore are as nearly accurate as is possible with regard to this horrible war. I find you just square and fair to all, without prejudice. The arrival of AMERICA is a pleasure to me, new every week. I try to get my parishioners interested in your excellent magazine, but you are too deep for them; my people are not instructed enough for you; the majority can hardly read English.

Waialua, Oahu, H. I. SEBASTIAN KONZE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I return these bills, as I do not wish to renew subscription to a paper so manifestly unjust to the French and Belgians.

E. V.

The Catholic Daily

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Re, "A Catholic Daily Newspaper," let me offer a suggestion: Why not make AMERICA a Catholic daily newspaper? It is already established. It need not dispense with any of its present departments but could add whatever other departments are suited to a Catholic daily newspaper. We do not need more Catholic periodicals. What we need is better support for the ones that we already have, in order to enable these to do the work that we have a right to expect from Catholic periodicals. And Catholics would prefer to give their money to a paper already established than to invest it in something "they know not of."

Shelbyville, Ind. M. CONGER.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Dr. Flick's article on a "Catholic Daily Newspaper" puts the case squarely before the American public. Unfortunately the same plea has been made for years back and always with the same result: *desinit in piscem.* Not a few of our leaders, including even a Cardinal, have quite openly deprecated the necessity of Catholic dailies, for fear they might lead to the formation of a Catholic political party. Hence there is no strong conviction of the need of a daily press of our own, and no unanimity on the subject among our people, a twofold prerequisite that has made possible a powerful and efficient Catholic press in Belgium, Holland and Germany, the latter two decidedly Protestant countries. We have been so busy patting ourselves on the back because of the numerous churches we have built, and the rate of our increase in numbers, that we have become dazzled by our successes, and have lost sight of the fact that the position we have gained can not be held except it be reinforced by a powerful press, the modern heavy artillery of spiritual warfare. I have occasionally bought a copy of the *Christian Science Monitor,* and as an example of unpartisan, clean and interesting journalism, in which the religious issue is never obtruded, it can hardly be excelled and is an example worthy of imitation. Timid Catholics, who have become obsessed by the fear of political entanglements, as if they were night-raiding Zeppelins, might study the career and the make-up of this Boston paper to advantage.

Moline, Ill. C.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

What means this lone cry in the wilderness set up in a recent issue anent the woeful need in these parts of a Catholic daily paper? Grant that the writer of it has his heart in the right place, I ask can he be serious when he deplores the lack of sturdy organs in properly moulding our thought and sentiment? And does he not feel that he is flying in the teeth of that splendid testimonial so lately rendered to the contrary? It was ever thus. Instead of cheering us to the echo, and bidding "with frater feeling strong" each of our sixteen millions to pat himself on his respective back—not to be assured of the presence of a human spine—for the fine way in which we acquitted our-

selves of a very plain duty toward our suffering Mexican brethren, what do we find? Along comes this incorrigible wight to let drop this unsavory fly into our precious ointment. Alas, and again alas! Yet let us not be so easily cast down. But, since we have, to use a famous playwright's phrase, "seen our duty and done it nobly," shall we not complacently chirp as an application to our heroic conduct and wounded pride that pretty couplet:

For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.

Of a truth, may we not well liken ourselves to the well-to-do husbandman lying snug and comfortable in his couch of down? Upon hearing of a sudden the midnight air pierced with a frightful cry that proceeds from out that poor little ranch down in the valley, he recognizes in that cry the call of some members of his very household. His duty, you say well, is clear and obvious! and his response is, of course, manful and swift.

The point, however, which I should like to send home is simply this. On and by just such occasions as the one I speak of, it is the wont of not a few of our brothers outside of the fold, to weigh our holy Faith in the balance; in the words of a great man in quite another connection, here it is they feel its pulse, and as they find that beat, do they deem it (Faith) sick or sound. It were wise, for a' that to steer the morrow's conversation with Billikins (who had been showing a regard of late for the claims of the true Church) into the channels other than the one discussed. This, too, for purely modest, and self-effacing reasons.

Yonkers, N. Y. T. H. CLEENE.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The letter of J. H. Miller in AMERICA for Dec. 26 seems to me exceedingly timely and of great importance. As day by day I see displayed in the newsstands the organ of the Christian Scientists, I think to myself, "If this strange cult, which numbers perhaps some two million adherents, can support a daily paper containing cable news, special articles and local items, why is it that we Catholics, ten times as numerous, are lacking in a strong organ of our own?" We number in our ranks experienced writers of all kinds—newspaper editors, reporters, correspondents of high degree, novelists, poets and essayists, all the intellectual equipment called for by a great modern daily. What, then holds us back from this far-reaching work?

There are, of course, certain dailies which are entirely Catholic in their tone and affiliations, but unfortunately, they are the mouthpieces of determinate racial units or represent certain political propaganda which, while entirely just and legitimate in itself, is not a part of American life but is rather a remnant of the Old World agitations that have driven many to our shores. These papers can be dismissed from all consideration, even though their editors and readers be loyal Americans. The public to be reached by a Catholic press, or rather, Catholic daily, is the general American newspaper reading public of all religions or none, if need be. It should be its aim to present to the public at large the truth devoid of all sensationalism and while sacrificing none of the qualities of an up-to-date and enterprising organ, all exaggerations should be suppressed and the news should be presented without bias and without favor. Perhaps this is a counsel of perfection, but as I read even the greatest of our dailies, I am more and more impressed with their subserviency to some particular fetich, either the proprietor's social aspirations, or political ambitions, or social theories, or racial antipathies, or hidden religious bitterness, or even the pseudo-scientific shibboleths of the day. Any news item that might seem to work against any of these is ruthlessly tortured and twisted to conform to the guiding idea of the paper's policy. This should be avoided absolutely and all news should be carefully shorn of adjectives calculated to bias the reader. Such a daily as I have in mind should also give truthful foreign news, even though it be not so interesting as back-stairs intrigues or scandals in high life, such as pass current for European news now-a-days. It might also make a specialty of news from the so-called unenlightened South American countries, telling of their progress in the arts and sciences, as well as of their history and political events without restricting it only to the usual swash-buckling tales of revolutions, presidential assassinations and other similar productions of superheated brains which our daily papers serve up to their unsophisticated readers as true pictures of life in the "Banana Republics," and other impossible creations of the popular adventure fiction writers of the moment. Its editorials should be the broad-minded discussions of events of national importance without heat and without prejudice, and calculated to inform public opinion on the burning questions of the day in the light of truth and in the forum of justice. Such in brief, is my notion of what a Catholic newspaper ought to be—not for Catholics alone, but for all honest men who desire to know the truth without fear and without favor.

Perhaps one or two incidents personally observed may help to make clear my point of view and at the same time show what a Catholic organ should avoid. At one time, I did quite a little work on South American matters for a well-known daily. At the time I had just lost a position in a foreign consulate and wished to enter newspaper work permanently. My editor-friend to whom I made my request for a position with his paper said in answer "Bueno, there are two reasons why you would not make a good newspaper man; one is that you are too logical, and the other that you are too impartial." Here is the keynote to modern journalism—lack of logic and fierce partisanship. And the guiding principles of our great metropolitan dailies are vividly illustrated by another episode. A news item was taken in to the editor, who respectfully but firmly declined it. Why was it unacceptable? It was true, wasn't it? Yes, but it went counter to the policy of the paper and therefore could not be published. Here is a commentary on the impartiality and independence of the press! Another instance of newspaper enterprise: Somebody I know very well was in a South American capital some years ago and there he met the correspondent of a paper that makes a specialty of foreign news. He said to the correspondent, "Mr. G., why do you always send your paper news of revolutions and political disturbances, when you know they amount to nothing and give the country a bad name abroad? Why do you not send, for instance, news of important new industries established, or of educational reforms or of advances in the well-being of the country?" The answer was, "Mr. B., my paper pays me only for what it publishes; it wants sensational news, and so I send it." This may explain the sensational atrocity stories from the seat of the present war. The paper in question more than any other has contributed to give the Latin Republics so bad a name that many years must elapse before they can live it down. It is to counteract these vicious tendencies of our modern journalism that a Catholic daily should be established.

As to ways, it is always possible to purchase a newspaper, and our Catholic men of wealth should not hesitate to embark on this enterprise, which, carefully managed and enterprisingly conducted should yield satisfactory returns. At first there may be an invisible profit, or even a long-continued loss, but as such a paper made a field for itself, it should finally become a source of great revenue. One of our sensational sheets when it was first started under its present proprietor, who purchased a moribund newspaper, and a malodorous sheet at that, netted him a monthly loss of $20,000 a month for over a year, then it began to pay. But it should be borne in mind that a purely religious or even a quasi-religious daily would come to a quick end. What is wanted is a fearless, impartial, enterprising newspaper, animated by a Christian Catholic spirit reflected in its treatment of the

great social, moral and religious questions of the day and in the absence of filth and vileness from its news columns.

White Plains, N. Y. J. R. DE LA TORRE BUENO.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Is there sufficient support, moral as well as substantial, already given to Catholic weeklies and monthlies to warrant the consideration of a Catholic daily newspaper even as a possibility? Can not the present supporters of Catholic journals be divided into two classes: one class that perfunctorily subscribes and never reads; the other, that forms a body of readers, receptive and sympathetic? Do not the great body of Catholics depreciate their own publications and make their ignorance of the good work that is being done serve as an excuse for withholding their support? How could a daily newspaper with Catholic ideals and standards hope to win the favor of the unthinking multitudes who have fed so long on the pabulum afforded by yellow journalism that their tastes have become almost incurably vitiated? Is it not an obstacle to be reckoned with that, unless a Catholic daily could attain at once a great circulation and influence, there would be a disposition on the part of Catholics, prominent in church activities, to withhold the facilities for information and news which now they are often disposed to offer the secular press at the expense of Catholic journals? Would it not be poor policy to engage in such an enterprise as a Catholic daily newspaper without the assurance of sufficient capital to carry on the experiment for at least five years? Can one put all these questions in good faith without pretension to the office of *advocatus diaboli?*

Brooklyn, N. Y. B. M. C.

Religion of French Generals

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Several people have asked me about the religious belief and practice of the more prominent French generals. Can you give any information on the subject?

Indianapolis. R. L.

[AMERICA's French correspondent has written as follows: de Castelman, practical Catholic; Foch, very good Catholic; d'Amade, less praiseworthy; Pau, admirable Catholic; Joffre, once a Mason, no longer such, by general report not a practical Catholic. I myself am not sure.—*Editor* AMERICA.]

Prominent Catholics

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Those of your correspondents who replied to me recently seem indignant at my characterization of "prominent" Catholics as the deadwood of Catholicism. That they have been so moved proves that I have touched one of the sorest spots on the body of Catholicism, a spot whose presence accounts for the absence of organization among Catholics, as well as for the fact that our influence is in inverse proportion to our numbers and we humbly submit to violations of our rights which would not be tolerated by religious organizations with one-tenth our numbers. I refer to the indifference of our leaders to the importance of effecting a solid organization of those who are the mainstay of Catholicism, namely, the common people, and their insistence that we be represented by "prominent" Catholics who, while ever ready to pose in the capacity of representatives, are not only no element of strength to the Church, but actually cause her to share in that contempt which the masses bear for them. This was notoriously the case in France and we know with what result. The socialist instinct for organization bids him build upon the masses and ignore the classes as only the froth of humanity. This he does and the success of his propaganda is no matter for wonder.

Must Catholics continue to see themselves represented in every public affair by "prominent" Catholics, mostly holders of political jobs, whose chief concern is to hold on to the sinecures they have got, and who are perfectly willing to use, and do use the fact that they are Catholics to assist them to this end, but who, when any question affecting any Catholic interest arises, display consummate skill in keeping out of sight?

Brooklyn, N. Y. JAMES V. SHIELDS.

Catholic Leaders

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In your issue of December 19 my fellow-townsman, Mr. S. B. Duffy, deploring our lack of Catholic leaders, says: "If we had a leader in authority we could sink our individual preferences or opinions, and all work together in whatever way such an authorized and competent general would dictate." Why, bless your heart, Mr. Duffy, we have leaders. What we want are followers, who will stand up and be counted. Get on the Federation band-wagon. If you had attended the recent quarterly meeting of the Brooklyn Diocesan Federation, and heard the splendid analysis of revolutionary Socialism and Social Reform by my young friend Alexander I. Rorke, of Manhattan, you might have recognized one Catholic leader.

Federation represents the militant Catholicity of America. The three American Cardinals are leaders in the movement. Mr. Duffy is seeking for a competent general. Right Rev. James A. McFaul, of Trenton, N. J., and his able lieutenant, Most Rev. S. B. Messmer, of Milwaukee, have been fighting in the Federation trenches for thirteen years, leading the hosts of Federation to victory after victory for Catholicity and morality in America. All the hierarchy of the country are arrayed as generals and colonels in the army of Federation. If Mr. Duffy will read the Federation *Bulletin* for December he will find in a magnificent address on Federation by His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, of Boston, the following:

> Let me point out that Federation has done great service in bringing to the attention of our Government the conduct of the present leaders of the disgraceful anarchy in Mexico, and the Administration has at last done something to insure the safety of our priests and nuns from the brutal rapacity and barbarism of these savages, who for more than a year past have conclusively proved their absolute unfitness to govern.

Mr. Duffy wants to know what should be done about Nathan. It may be belated news to him, but it is a fact that Federation's protest to our Government was heard even in Italy. The voters of Rome defeated Nathan for mayor, and elected a respectable citizen of the ancient city to the high honor by 5,000 majority. Most people have come to regard Nathan as a dead duck. Mr. Duffy is looking for a leader to tell us what to do about the *Menace*. Federation is proceeding sensibly against filthy literature by appealing to our lawmakers. The representatives of the people must eventually heed our persistent demands. If Mr. Duffy had attended the recent National Convention at Baltimore he might have found lay representatives of the 3,000,000 Federationists who are leaders among men and women. Mr. Duffy is impatient and wants to "get results." You can not always get results with a club. Do not be discouraged. Join the Federation procession, and when you have served your apprenticeship we may make you a leader.

Brooklyn. EDWARD FEENEY.

AMERICA

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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A Letter to Mr. Lind

OUR sometime special agent to Mexico has made a statement concerning a remarkable papal bull that we have not been able to find. Mr. Lind speaks with such an air of wisdom and confidence about the document that we feel sure he can and will give us the pleasure of examining the bull in question. As a consequence the following letter has been addressed to him:

HON. JOHN LIND,
c/o *Bellman*,
Minneapolis, Minn.

HON. AND DEAR SIR:

In a recent issue of the *Bellman* you write:

> The masses of the Mexican people are illiterate but not ignorant. Popular education, except in respect to religion and politeness, was forbidden by a papal bull for two hundred years and is now opposed by the old régime.

This, Sir, is a most interesting bit of information; and as it bears on a subject which is uppermost in many minds, I am writing to ask if you will be good enough to cite the bull for me, giving me the reference to the *Bullarium* in which it is to be found. And in order to preclude any chance of error in identifying the document, would you kindly add to the information the name of the Pope who issued the bull and the date of its issue?

I should hesitate to make this request of a busy man did not your ready and confident remarks about the document leave the impression that you have it at your elbow. This, I trust, is actually the case; for in this event you will not lose time and I shall receive a speedy reply to my letter, which I am making public in this issue of AMERICA.

With many good wishes, I am, Sir,
Respectfully, etc.

RICHARD H. TIERNEY,
Editor of AMERICA.

59 E. 83rd St.
New York City,
N. Y.

Epiphany Day

SAD beyond expression is this year's Epiphany day. Its sun rises on a scene that is heart-breaking. Over the face of the earth rings the Rachel-like cry of millions of mothers, bewailing their sons "because they are not." Sweet children are pinched by hunger and made pallid by fear; aged men stand like Isaias of old, looking up to heaven with sad, wistful eyes, in longing expectation for a vision of the Prince of Peace, Whom they can not see, because His face is hid by the dense vapor that rises from the hot human blood flowing in the battle trenches.

This is the day, Epiphany day, that Christ is shown unto men and men can not see Him, their Saviour. "He has come unto His own and His own receive Him not." So, the cannon roars and bayonets are reddened, and men cry out in hate and anguish and despair, mocking the love and peace and hope of Christ, and His very Cross, too, the symbol of triumph over war and the horrors of war. The bewitchery of folly has gripped men's souls; and this becomes a taunting hour of mockery and mystery, too great for comprehension. Christ is shown unto men and they see Him not. But yet all is not despair. There is hope in this folly and anguish and mockery and mystery. The fulness of life will come through this awful cataclysm. The world baptized in the blood of men, is struggling, we trust, toward higher ideals. The war will come to an end; men's passions will burn low; might will no longer be a god, tactics will not be a creed, feats of arms will cease to be acts of adoration. There will be a new Epiphany day; Christ will be shown again to the nations, and they will take Him unto themselves and restore unto the people His gifts, peace and love and hope and joy. The war song will give way to the glad alleluia that the Saviour has come into His own, the mastership of hearts and nations. A brighter Epiphany day is dawning; we must await its fulness in humble submission to the divine will.

Gangsters

NEW YORK has been disturbed of late by symptoms of lawlessness more distressing and widespread than any which have afflicted the city for some time. There have been mysterious murders, bomb throwing, violent invasion of restaurants and other misdeeds generally associated with a primitive state of civilization. As usual, people more or less orderly have raised a protest, and as usual, too, those city officials to whose care the peace of the metropolis has been committed, have been roundly scored for neglect of duty, for inefficiency, or both. This clamor will last for a week or two; many stupid things will be said and done, and then there will be silence, until more murders are committed, more bombs "planted," more restaurants invaded. Thereupon

a comedy or tragedy or melodrama will be enacted anew. There will be much oratory, many gestures, a demand for the resignation of officials, and so on, an excellent illustration of Lord Randolph Churchill's old saying, that "When people shout something must be done, something stupid will surely be done."

Our frantic citizens never seem to realize that the responsibility for the outrages against which they protest rests with them, not with this or that official. The remedy for the evil does not lie in "three months on the Island," or on the end of an officer's club. The cure is an upright soul, virtue, nothing more nor less, and man can not be dragooned into virtue. In youth he must be taught to know and to love right, that in manhood he may work unto justice. Our citizens will not have it so; they insist that hordes of our children grow up without that moral and religious training, which gives life and preserves it, and is at once the prompter of suitable laws and their proper and only effective guardians.

The worst is not yet. These same people who cry out in indignation against gangsters are actually contributing in a positive, constructive way, to the formation of gangsters. Libraries supported by public funds are supplied with books which would all but corrupt an angel, say nothing of the trigger-brained men and women who read them. A word to a librarian will fetch you the "Revolt of the Angels," or any other book as unspeakably vile and hostile to law and order. What is to be expected from such literature? Virtue, order, respect for authority? Do figs come from thistles? Last winter a course of public lectures on "the literature of revolt" was given at a certain well-known institute. The list of authors explained and defended, included Ibsen, Hauptman, Sudermann, and others equally unfit. The audience was made up of young men and women of the two races which are supplying most of our criminals, shallow, conceited, irreligious, impudent sprigs, ready to follow any impulse, good or bad, without thought of moral standards. The impulses set in motion by "Ghosts" and "Hedda Gabler," for instance, had best be left to conjecture. So the work of "constructing" gangsters through the money and votes of citizens goes on; and the gangsters repay their creators. There is neither moral nor religious training! The soul is tenantless, Godless; books and lectures and other public utilities convert the tenantless soul into a den of demons; bombs, and what not, follow.

The horrid blasphemy, "God is dead! God is dead!" rings through Nietzsche's "Zarathrustra"; the result is the superman, a monster of brute force and lust, and every species of lawlessness. "God is dead! God is dead!" is ringing through the souls of our youths; the result is the superman, the gangster, above man, nigh to a demon, in crime; below man, on a level with the brute, in all that makes for righteousness.

Is this evil to be remedied by mass meetings, by demands for the resignation of the police commissioner, by an order that clubs should fall on offending heads? It is to be remedied in a way that few men in New York have courage enough to propose, by a religious education.

The Real Peace Palace

SOME time ago the Editor of AMERICA received the following striking letter:

To the Editor of AMERICA:

On the 28 of last August, there occurred the first anniversary of the official opening of the Peace Palace at The Hague. On that auspicious occasion the President of the Carnegie Institute stated that "the idea had been advanced to found a permanent Court of Arbitration before which one government could summon another, and that would be competent to decide all claims and grievances." The presiding officer of the Court of Arbitration declared "The opening of the Peace Palace to be a fact and that thereby an important page had been added to the annals of history wherein would appear the procedure of international arbitration." The dean of the diplomatic corps thereupon expressed the opinion "that the maintenance of peace would be a great boon to the nations and was certain of being strengthened by the international arbitration plan, the principle of which was meeting everywhere with growing approval and was to be put to practice in Mr. Carnegie's building." The English Ambassador in turn assured his hearers "That his royal master by means of personal visits to several of the foreign Courts had succeeded in creating an all-round good feeling." Finally Mr. Carnegie himself spoke to remind his audience of the Czar of Russia's words: "With God's help this conference will prove a favorable omen for the age. It will be the turning point on which will be concentrated the efforts of every government that is in earnest to make the idea of universal peace prevail over the elements of discord and unrest."

By a grim irony of events less than twelve months had elapsed before all Europe became involved in the most sanguinary war on record! The Peace Palace has been reduced to the rank of a mere architectural ornament and over its spacious portals one might read in fancy: "For rent. Apply to the Powers."

Colusa, Cal. V. S.

These lines seem to have been written in something like a spirit of prophecy, for a traveler who recently visited the Hague reports that the Peace Palace is quite deserted save for a single caretaker. Its mournful solitude suggests salutary reflections. Not the least of these is the evident futility in certain lines of the "almighty dollar." Many things undoubtedly it can effect. It can, for instance, buy blankets and equip hospitals and fit out a good ship Jason; but the greater things of life it can not do. It is powerless to control the passions of man. To this the $3,000,000 marble structure will bear overwhelming testimony for untold years.

Its great white walls will also point another moral. The Holy Father was given no place in the meetings at the Peace Palace. He received no invitation to its deliberations. His exclusion was an injustice and an insult. In a movement for the maintenance of world-wide peace his advice and influence ought to have been sought. They were not sought. His right to be present was not admitted. And yet events bid fair to vindicate that right. Had it not been for the obstinacy of Russia, he would, in all probability, by his own unaided efforts

have succeeded in restoring for a day what the united efforts of the peoples who debarred Him, signally failed to preserve even for an hour. And what of lasting peace? Whose mediation is so likely to make it possible as the present pontiff's? Already he has earned the title of the Pope of Peace. This much is certain, that his prayers, if not his diplomatic offices, will have much to do with the cessation of hostilities. Mr. Carnegie's building, while it bespeaks a goodly purpose, is a monument to folly. It is an eloquent though silent indictment of the folly of deliberately excluding the representatives of God from a share in schemes for the betterment of man, and especially in the matter of peace. The Pope is the Vicar of the Prince of Peace. He has a divine commission to give men peace. The real Peace Palace is at the Vatican, not the Hague.

A Certain Rich Man

WE do not like the phrase. It is like a whiff of brimstone. It tells the story of Dives clad in purple and silk, now calling across the impassable gulf, calling in vain. Scripturally, "a rich man" seems a term of reprobation; "a poor man" is one shut out, but only for a little while, from God's house. Christ preached poverty from the day He was born, in a deserted hovel like a child of the evicted poor, to the hour when from His cross, He saw the soldiers gambling for His clothes. The rich did not walk much with Him. One, who might have been an Apostle, turned away sorrowfully; for he had great possessions. Another came to Him by night, when no one might see him in converse with this poor Nazarene. Our Lord was not often in their houses. His words could make no impression upon beings who for hearts and souls had bags of gold, and a lust for more. Moreover, the rich did not find him congenial. He told them impolite truths. Lordly folk, too, were nearly always arrayed against Him. A ruler tried to take His life when He was a little Child, a petty King dressed Him in His sorrow like a clown, and a Roman governor ordered Him to be crucified. And so He liked best to be with simple people, with the poor, the sick, with little children. Of such was the Kingdom of Heaven. Yet He did have some dealings with the rich. We read that one of them gave Him a dinner, in rather an unmannerly way, it is true, and that another gave Him a tomb. If the rich and powerful gave Him anything else, it has not been recorded. Probably they did not; for only the poor give largely, generously: the poor in reality, like the widow who gave her all; or the poor in spirit, like a certain rich man in New York.

For this rich man of New York, we are puzzled to find a scriptural parallel. Perhaps he has by nature one of God's greatest gifts, "a good heart." Perhaps he remembers his own childhood days. We do not know, for we do not know his name. Perhaps he was in the crowd that day when, in St. Mark's words: "Taking a child, he set him in the midst of them. Whom when he had embraced, he saith to them: Whosoever shall receive one such child as this in my name, receiveth me."

Our rich man received not one child, but nearly four hundred and fifty, whose names had been given him by a zealous priest, with a heart for the sorrow of his people. The children wrote letters to Santa Claus, and the rich man read them, and gave the children exactly what they asked for. He dressed for them a great Christmas tree, and the gift for many a poor hard-worked mother was the joy which the rich man put in the hearts of her children. Pauperizing the poor? God send us many more such pauperizers. As if one could pauperize children by giving them gifts at Christmas time! With a delicate, Christ-like charity, the rich man made private inquiries, and on Christmas morning every poor child in the parish was clothed from top to toe in new garments, warm and pretty, the best that money could buy. No child knew that any other was the recipient of this kindness; no child knew the generous donor, save as "a certain rich man." Thus in the mouths of babes a phrase of doom is hallowed.

Our rich man is laying up for himself treasures in heaven, treasures that will be increased a thousandfold by innocent children who will speak of him to God in their prayers. Were all the gold in the world in his coffers, our rich man could not be rich, for he is poor in spirit. Whatever the years may take from him, he can never be poor, for he has the key of the kingdom of God. For a word spoken in His defence, our Saviour rewarded a dying malefactor with eternal happiness. Not less glorious is the reward which He has in store for "a certain rich man," the giver of happiness to hundreds of children who, but for his generous heart, would find the joyous birthday of the Child of Bethlehem the saddest day of all the year.

Smoothing War's Wrinkled Front

FROM our correspondent in Japan comes an interesting description of how Tokyo is treating the vanquished. He writes:

> The German prisoners from Tsing Tao were conveyed into Tokyo with as little public humiliation as possible, though large crowds had assembled to see the affair. On arrival a Japanese lady with some German friends presented each soldier with a chrysanthemum. The Young Men's Buddhist Association of Tokyo has drawn up an address of congratulation on the Germans' valor and condolence on their misfortune, which will be presented to the prisoners. The captives are to be detained in the Temple at Asakusa, Tokyo, treated with all possible leniency, taken for a walk in the streets twice a week and the officers who have families in Tokyo will be permitted to live with their own people.

How polite and romantic all this is! Even when waging war the Japanese does not neglect the courtesies of life. The action of the authorities is reminiscent of the famous reply: "The gentlemen of the French Guard

never fire first!" That chrysanthemum episode is particularly delightful. In Nippon the language of flowers is an exact science. Not only does every blossom speak, but its very hue and form are eloquent, and as chrysanthemums are now grown in an endless variety of shades, forms and sizes, some very moving addresses were silently delivered, no doubt, that day the Japanese lady and her friends gave each of the conquered a chrysanthemum. The gift of a large white blossom to a captain would mean, perhaps: "Though a prisoner, you have kept your honor unstained." A drooping, wine-colored flower presented to a downcast lieutenant would say: "All Tokyo sympathizes with you in your misfortune." A small, thick-petaled chrysanthemum, as near crimson in tint as possible, would express to a wounded gunner: "Your long and heroic resistance even to the Mikado's invincible army has won our admiration." But to the surly private who would not accept with a good grace his easy captivity, was fittingly given, peradventure, a cluster of flaring yellow blossoms.

What a pity it would have been, however, if those prisoners had not thoroughly mastered during their stay in the East the expressive flower-language of Japan! For then it might have happened—but perish the thought!—that after enduring on short rations a long siege, the captives, as they entered Tokyo, would have missed the full significance of the proffered chrysanthemums. Meanwhile, the prisoners' less esthetic nature would be clamoring, perhaps, for something more edible and nourishing than flowers, but when nothing else was forthcoming, the magnanimous victors' present of chrysanthemums would be interpreted, most unhappily, as a mark of scornful triumph over a humbled foe. Be that as it may, heathen Japan has not allowed herself to be outdone by any Christian Power in treating considerately prisoners of war.

"You Shall." "I Won't"

IT is one thing to burn dynamite; it is a splintered cliff and often a funeral, to detonate dynamite. The slow and persistently dropping water may figure in the realms of proverbs as a reliable excavator, but the cry for quick results precludes its frequent use for digging foundations. The drop of water gently taps one particle of stone; a detonator must shock into instantaneous and simultaneous activity a million particles with exaggerated tendencies toward divorce. Hence explosions! As a first-class detonator to engender moral explosions we recommend highly the brief dialogue used as a title to these remarks. If there is anything which will send a shock through every ramification of man's muscles, veins and nerves more quickly and more vehemently than the pointed directness of this short but animated conversation, we should like to see it.

People do not resort immediately at the beginning of a conversation to the monosyllabic brevity of "shall" and "won't." Sometimes, indeed, there are such sudden head-on collisions in life, collisions, however, which have begun on far-away tracks and are driven by long since developed energy; but as a rule, head-on collisions do not come at once. The dynamite enmity begins to burn before it is detonated. A sultry period is followed by heat; then far-off there is sheet-lightning; and then comes the flash-lightning of "You shall" and "I won't," and detonated storm-clouds drift apart into darkness, muttering sullenly. Alas, for the subsequent gloom with little illumination, and that light of an unpleasant kind from gleaming eyes! Enter Rembrandt to picture the black looks backward of smarting wrongs, the black looks outward of anger, the black looks inward of brooding resentment, the black looks forward of revenge. "You shall" and "I won't" lay on the thick shadows in life's picture gallery. Sometimes the opposition has been focused to so intense and so warm a point that this little tug-of-war does not find expression in words only; it tingles through clenched fists; it puts a strain on dental enamel and flames in steely looks. Without this pointed vehemence, wherein two souls hurl themselves at each other, the positive and negative determination of "shall" and "won't," our sports would be as thrilling as a sewing-bee.

Most vices are virtues gone wrong. So it is here. The flash of will with will is responsible for all the horrors of war, as well as the poisonous meanness of any two pettily jealous souls, but it is the same clash of wills which has made heroes and martyrs. Perhaps the tenacity of good will is not as frequent as the stubbornness of evil-will. Virtue burns where vice explodes. Many of our good missionaries in their fervent sermons are striving energetically to find some thought which will make the stagnant blood of sluggishness flame into detonated energy. Oh, for a Nero to cry, "You *shall* offer incense to the idol of indifference"; then might ten thousand answer back with explosive suddenness, "We won't." On the day of General Judgment it may be discovered that one reason why an all-ruling Providence permitted the *Menace*, was to make certain Catholics fight their way to Mass.

LITERATURE

"The Old Farmer's Almanack"

HAD Ponce de Leon's childhood hours been familiar with the "Old Farmer's Almanack," he need not have sought the fountain of youth. If his early days had only been brightened by the frequent perusal of Robert B. Thomas's annual publication, the old Spanish cavalier would have been perfectly content, no doubt, in the evening of his life to sit by the fire and turn the pages of the current "Old Farmer's." For the years would then roll back and he would be a boy again. To those at any rate who were New England children thirty years ago, or more, the reading of that almanac makes time run back and fetch the age of gold.

What first meets the eye is of course the familiar cover design which used to be printed, if we remember aright, on paper

of a lighter yellow than that used for the 1915 edition. The corners of the cover, however, still bear pictures of the four seasons, thoughtfully labelled, lest spring be mistaken for winter, or summer for fall. To the left of this page is the benignant face of Franklin and to the right Thomas's sterner visage: fittingly stern, for the establishing of the "Old Farmer's Almanack" in 1793 was perhaps a far more hazardous enterprise than even the launching of a new republic. Let Benjamin Franklin smile, but not Robert B. Thomas.

Turning to the title page, how rich it is in promises which the experienced reader knows will be exactly fulfilled! How adroitly blended is hoary yesterday with nascent to-morrow! The lines run:

> Number One Hundred and Twenty-Three. The (Old) Farmer's Almanack, Calculated on a New and Improved Plan for the Year of Our Lord 1915. Being 3d after Bissextile or Leap-Year, and (until July 4) 139th of American Independence. Fitted for Boston, but will answer for all the New England States. Containing, besides the large number of Astronomical Calculations and the Farmer's Calendar for every month in the year, a variety of New, Useful and Entertaining Matter. Established in 1793 by Robert B. Thomas.

It is plain then that the "Old Farmer's Almanack" is primarily intended for those whose high privilege it is to bask in the *alma lux* of the Sacred Codfish and to tread the hallowed precincts of Boston Common. Mr. Thomas, however, being a moderately generous-hearted man, was willing to let his almanac "answer" for even the whole of New England, but since there must be a limit to liberality, he could hardly be expected to make his little book also "answer" for the benighted people that live beyond the New York State line. Every old acquaintance of the "Farmer's Almanack" will joyfully recognize on the title page the woodcut of Father Time. He is uncomfortably seated on a hillock, a scythe rests on his shoulder, his head is bald, but a long forelock invites the grasp. At Time's left a winged hour-glass stands and under his right hand is an overturned jar from which flows a liquid consisting, presumably, of priceless minutes. To our boyish eyes Father Time looked needlessly sour and pessimistic and we used to wonder why he let that jug lie on its side when he could so easily have set it upright and thus save the precious moments.

Turning to the third page of the "Almanack," the reader will find, as of yore, those interesting "Names and Characters of the Principal Planets," "Aspects" and "Signs of the Zodiac." With regard to the latter, a familiar figure seems absent. Was there not once a man on this page with a look of distress on his face and with lines darting from his body in different directions, and ending at certain portentous figures called "Aries," "Taurus," "Gemini," etc.? To children that picture was dark with mystery. We used to wonder what the wretched man had done to deserve such a fate.

On the following page there have been printed, time out of mind, delightfully strange words like "perihelion," "aphelion," "inferior conjunction," "winter solstice" and "vernal equinox." The first of these terms, we were piously told, meant the period when our globe was nearest the sun—a trifling matter of 91,000,000 miles or so—whereas when Earth was in aphelion she had gayly frisked some 3,000,000 miles away from her former position, which of course, made the weather warmer. This preposterous conclusion we would pretend to believe, when our elders were by, but among ourselves we generally treated it with the incredulous scorn such an absurdity deserved.

The "Almanack" then displayed, as now, a vast deal of erudition regarding the "annular eclipse of the sun." An elaborate explanation would be given about how and when the phenomenon was to take place, and just as our curiosity was highly stimulated, would come the disheartening announcement: "Invisible in New England." The changes of Mercury, Mars or Venus from being evening stars to a more decorous career as harbingers of day would be solemnly chronicled, the declination of the sun and the southing of the moon were seriously discussed, and the latter's apogee, which to us children seemed to be something particularly disgraceful, was noted with emotion not far removed from tears.

The "Old Farmer's" for 1915, however, does not seem to be as bold and dogmatic in its weather prophecies as was the "Almanack" of thirty years ago. The forecasts are two timid and diffident. With chattering teeth we may now read in January that the days are "mild for the season" and by turning for solace to July learn that we shall then be permitted to "expect a few hot days," and the familiar April forecast, "occasional showers," can be profitably contrasted with February's friendly invitation to "look for snow." But in days of old, unless we are mistaken, the fearless prophet used to foretell so unerringly the exact nights that the moon would be shining that New England selectmen could determine on January 1 just how many hours during the coming year the street lamps would need to be lighted, and this, from an economical point of view, was of course a great advantage.

Transcending in importance and interest all other parts of the "Almanack" is the reading matter judiciously scattered through the months and heaped together like a sumptuous banquet in the twenty closely printed pages following December. Who can forget the editor's heart-to-heart talks with the farmer which are so rich in sage counsel? In November, for example, he was advised to "bank up" his house with leaves against the coming winter, in January admonished to take thought and see if he has by chance left the mowing-machine standing in the field, and, in March, he is cautioned to examine his seedlings. The 1915 "Almanack" is lamentably inferior in this department to the editions of our childhood days. The reader looks in vain for burning words that will inspire the farmer with a passionate love for his calling, and keep his ideals lofty and pure. Here, for example, are the low, unworthy motives for toiling contentedly that the 1915 "Almanack" suggests:

> Perhaps at times in the hayfield you have thought that yours was a hard lot to have to work out so much in the sun's scorching rays. On such occasions consider the golfmen who pursue their labors in like temperatures with countenances no less serious than yours. Reflect, too, that those gentlemen can not look forward to having, about this time of the year, great store of wholesome scented hay to show as the result of their own industry.

Need we ask, "Why does the boy leave the farm?" when we find his own *vade mecum* insidiously luring him cityward with reflections like the foregoing?

But let us hasten on to what was once the most appetizing portion of the "Old Farmer's Almanack," the intellectual feast set forth in the last ten pages, where "Poetry, Anecdotes, Humor, etc.," was followed by "Charades, Riddles, etc." and came to a noble conclusion with "Useful Hints" of various kinds. It must be confessed at the outset that the quality of all these departments has sadly deteriorated since we were children. Much of the verse that is printed in the 1915 "Almanack" is too much like poetry for such a publication. There is an unseemly freshness about the anecdotes, the apothegms smack of youth, the jests are far too obvious, and only one of them is borrowed from the Boston *Evening Transcript*.

The charades, riddles and conundrums appear indeed at first reading to be quite up to the ancient standard, but when pondered over a little, it is plain that they will hardly remain unsolved for an entire year. Without question the "Almanack" for 1916 will not be awaited with that feverish expectation with which we longed for the issue, say, of 1884, in order to learn the answers of the problems we had puzzled over for twelve long months. The modern conundrums, moreover, lack terseness and

point. "Why is a door in the subjunctive mood?" for example, contrasts unfavorably with the archaic: "When is a door not a door?" As for the "Useful Hints" they leave much to be desired. "Try changing the stockings from one foot to the other every morning: it is said to greatly lessen the wear," is the only "hint" in this year's "Almanack" that recalls the editions of long ago.

In conclusion we wish to protest indignantly against the "Old Farmer's Almanack's" admitting into its pages such intolerable innovations as tables of taxicab and automobile fares, paragraphs about radio communication or the rules governing the use of the parcel post. What right have these modern vanities in so staid and venerable a publication? Shade of Robert Thomas, rise and protect from desecration your ancient masterpiece! WALTER DWIGHT, S.J.

REVIEWS

The Parables of the Gospels. An Exegetical and Practical Explanation. By LEOPOLD FONCK, S.J., President and Lecturer of the Biblical Institute, Consultor of the Biblical Commission in Rome. Translated from the Third German Edition by E. LEAHY. Edited by GEORGE O'NEILL, S.J., M.A. New York: Frederick Pustet & Co. $3.50.

The high credit for biblical knowledge which the learned author of the present volume enjoys among all scholars, and the remarkable proofs of confidence which he received during the lifetime of the late lamented Pontiff, and which he continues to receive from his successor, now happily reigning, make his authority in all that concerns the Bible a matter of common acceptance. There is no need, however, of such an extrinsic recommendation for "The Parables of the Gospels." No one who is at all familiar with the book as it appeared in the German will be inclined to question the statement that it is the best modern work on the parables that has appeared in any language. Nor has it lost anything by its rendition into English; rather it has gained. The greater flexibility of the English has enabled the facile and accurate pen of the translator to give to the invaluable matter, which with some slight omissions remains unchanged, a more artistic form than it had in the original. The editing of the text has been both careful and scholarly, and one is glad to notice an almost entire absence of those blemishes which mar many of our best Catholic publications. This is especially true of the treatment of the Greek, which indeed leaves little to be desired. The volume, which contains 829 pages, is clearly and painstakingly printed.

The book consists of some brief introductory chapters on the meaning, object and interpretation of the parables. Then follows a short sketch of the doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven in the parables. The rest of the work is taken up with the parables themselves, of which seventy-two are enumerated and explained. They are grouped into three classes, which form the three parts of the volume: Parables of the Kingdom of Heaven in its gradual development, its nature, and its working; parables concerning the members of the Kingdom of God individually and their responsibilities; parables of the Head of the Kingdom of Heaven and its relation to its members. This division is a happy one and gives through the parables a more systematic presentation of Christ's teaching than at first sight might seem to be possible. The treatment given to each parable is very exhaustive. First comes a synoptic view of the texts, Greek, Vulgate and English, with a list of the variations. The setting, geographical, historical and local, is next set forth, and is followed by a discussion and explanation which, in spite of *apparatus criticus* and copious references, never become obscure or technical. The quotations from the Fathers, which are given at as great a length as could be expected, are of much value; and of even greater value, at least in themselves, are the numerous references to the Migne edition of the Patrology. Preachers will find in the outlines of development and in the conclusions, under which are grouped suggestive and illuminating topics for sermons and meditations, much help for the pulpit; but the book is primarily, though not exclusively, intended for the student. "The Parables of the Gospels" should be given a prominent and honored place in the library of every priest. No one certainly can hereafter pretend to have made a thorough study of the parables who has not made its acquaintance. Indeed it is not too much to say that it has become a classic on the subject.

J. H. F.

The Renaissance, the Protestant Revolution and the Catholic Reformation. By EDWARD M. HULME. New York: The Century Co. $2.50.

This is another of the books to make one melancholy, turned out from our universities. The author, Professor of History in the University of Idaho, has gathered much matter which he has not used with judgment. He knows all about the Catholic Church, utters his assertions with the tone of finality that is a note of "modern scholarship"; and what would have been but the privilege of the young men and women of the University of Idaho, has been made common to all the world by the publication of this volume. Everyone, even the Pope himself, may learn that, in the last quarter of the thirteenth century, nuns were a part of the monastic clergy, and that, with the exception of baptism, the Sacraments could be administered only by a regularly ordained priest. What about Matrimony, what about Confirmation and Holy Orders? The Seven Sacraments were indispensable to man's spiritual life, the author tells us, from which he draws the most illogical consequence, that the laity were absolutely dependent on the priesthood for their religious life. The assertion, which seemed framed to suggest more than it expresses, is analogous to this: food is indispensable to physical life, therefore we are absolutely dependent on the butcher and the baker for our literary and artistic life. Both arguments are true in a sense, but not in that intended by Professor Hulme. Rome was, of course, utterly corrupt. "It was perpetually crowded with foreigners, many of whom, doubtless, discarded their own code of morals when they visited a city of alien manners. *Omnia Romæ venalia* was justly said of it"; which makes us suspect strongly that the Professor did not know the meaning of *venalia*. Taken in his context the Latin seems to mean: all sins are venial at Rome; while its real meaning is very different and hardly appropriate to the assertion it is used to illustrate. As regards Avignon, he accepts without reserve Petrarch's diatribes. Fraticelli, Beghards, Lollards, all have his sympathy, and he ignores their outrageous errors against even natural justice. St. Catherine of Siena was a "dreamy, mystic girl," though in the next page she appears as "the leading" statesman of Italy. But it is better to fall into contradiction, than to admit the reality with all it implies for the Catholic Church.

Being what he is, a modern professor, Mr. Hulme could not write a book such as this without discussing mysticism, though what this is, he knows not, any more than do the other professors and literary people who dabble in it nowadays. He tells us, as so many do, that the Church was the enemy of science. He lays down an exaggerated notion of the individual and of his relation to society, and consequently reaches untrue and very dangerous conclusions. The same is the case with his idea of conscience, in connection with which he has much to say about theologians and their doctrine concerning implicit faith. Unfortunately he does

not understand the theological meaning of this term, nor even the nature of faith. He cites many theologians in support of his crude notions; but as he omits to specify the texts, most probably because he has taken them at second hand and failed to verify them, we can not follow him up and show how he has abused them. It is sufficient to apply to his affirmations in the matter the maxim of logic: *Quod gratis asseritur, gratis negari potest.* Is it on account of our sins that the makers of such books are supported with public money to which we Catholics have to contribute? H. W.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

With the issue of January 8, *Catholic Mind* begins its thirteenth volume, as the periodical was started in 1903. This number is devoted to the Catholic Press. It opens with a paper by Father E. Hull, S.J., Editor of the Bombay *Examiner*, then follows an article on "A Catholic Daily Paper," by Dr. L. F. Flick, a contribution on the "Mission of the Catholic Press," by Bishop Hartley and some suggestions for promoting the spread of Catholic papers from Father Dwight. The pamphlet is designed to awake in its readers a greater interest in all Catholic papers and periodicals.

Selecting as weapons arguments and eloquence, Mr. Cecil Chesterton, the editor of the *New Witness*, a British review, has challenged Mr. George Sylvester Viereck to debate with him the question, "Whether the cause of Germany or of the Allied Powers is just." So a meeting has been arranged for the evening of January 17 at the Cort Theatre, West Forty-eighth Street, New York. Mr. William R. Shepherd, Professor of History, Columbia University and Mr. Louis H. Wetmore, late literary editor of the New York *Times*, have consented to act as chairmen. The subject chosen is unquestionably a thoroughly "actual" one, and if the Catholic Mr. Chesterton is, as his not-yet-Catholic brother Gilbert considers him, "one of the finest debaters in England," his encounter with the capable editor of the *Fatherland* is sure to be interesting. Tickets are for sale by Mr. William B. Feakins, Times Building, New York, and a portion of the receipts will be given to the Belgian Relief and to the German Red Cross Fund.

"The Romance of the Beaver," by A. Radclyffe Dugmore (Lippincott. $2.50), will delight lovers of nature. The splendid illustrations alone make the volume unique among its kind. The author knows the beaver well, and through five long chapters writes of the animal in a simple, fascinating manner. Unfortunately, although Mr. Dugmore in one place protests against humanizing the brute, yet further on he attributes to it "a fine moral nature," "a high code," "knowledge of right and wrong" and so on. This sort of language detracts from a book which would otherwise be without blemish.

"War's Aftermath," (Houghton, $0.75) by David Starr Jordan and Harvey Ernest Jordan is a timely book, brimful of interesting gleanings from personal study and research into the eugenic results of warfare. While not giving us an exhaustive and final treatise on the subject, the authors have synthesized and collated a large amount of material gathered from an investigation of conditions in the South after the Civil War and in the Balkans after the bitter struggle of 1912. The thirty propositions in the book are often more stimulating than convincing, but will doubtless do much to awaken interest in this hitherto untilled field of psychology and eugenics. "War's Aftermath" ought to be seriously pondered by peace apostles for it contains very telling arguments for their cause. The authors' view of eugenics is sane and proper, a pleasant and scholarly contrast to so much that has been written on the subject by mountebank reformers and unpsychological psychologists.

A "Japanese Grammar," by H. J. Weintz (Reilly, $1.00), will be of great assistance to students of this difficult tongue. The author's skilful arrangement of exercises introduces one gradually to the peculiar construction of the language. Frequent allusion to phrases and idioms in English, French and other languages, enables the student of Japanese to see in what the sentence-construction differs from a known tongue. The interlinear translation into English of Japanese colloquial expressions is very helpful, and the two vocabularies and alphabetical index will aid greatly in translation and sentence-building.

"Lucas' Annual" (Macmillan, $0.75) is a varied collection of literary odds and ends by living and dead British authors. J. M. Barrie contributes a boy's amusing reminiscences of "Old Hyphen," a rod-loving teacher, the chapters from Stephen Leacock's "Thousand-Guinea Novel," are nearly as diverting, while "Soki's" account of the fire in the "East Wing" and Hugh Walpole's "Bachelors" the reader will also enjoy. Hitherto unpublished letters from Robert Browning, Robert Louis Stevenson and John Ruskin are full of interest and there are good verses in a lighter vein, scattered through the volume.

Father John B. Ferreres, S.J., who stands among the foremost canonists of the present day, has lately issued the fourth edition of his learned work "Las Religionas legún la disciplina vigente." (Razon y Fé, Madrid, $0.80.) The book contains, besides the five commentaries included in former editions, the many important decrees lately promulgated by the Holy See. Particularly worthy of note is the author's commentary on the two recent decrees on general absolutions and benedictions. The work will prove of great value to those who direct religious communities.—After an unavoidable delay caused by the war, Pustet has succeeded in getting out an edition of his breviary with the Jesuit *proprium* added. The price of the sumptuous 12mo volumes we have received is $16.00.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Catholic Truth Society, London:
The Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. By J. R. McKee. $0.18; The Principles of Christianity. By Rev. A. B. Sharpe. $0.35; The God of Philosophy. By Rev. Dr. Aveling. $0.35; The Church at Home and Abroad. Edited by Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J. $0.35; Bell, Book and Candle: A Few Words on Excommunication and Anathemas. By Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. $0.05.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:
The New International Encyclopedia. Vols. I-VI. A-Didymograptus. $5.00 each vol.

Donahoe Publishing Co., Middletown, Conn.:
Songs of the Country-Side. By D. J. Donahoe. $1.00.

J. Fischer & Bro., New York:
The Bo'sn's Bride. A Nautical Yarn in Two Acts. By Maude Elizabeth Inch and W. Rhys-Herbert. Vocal Score. $1.00.

B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.:
Grace: Actual and Habitual. Pohle-Preuss. $2.00; Memoirs of Zi Pré. By Edmund M. Dunne, D.D. $0.50; The Knight of the Fleur de Luce. By Sophie Maude. $0.75; The Fruit of the Tree. By Mabel A. Farnum. $1.00; What Faith Really Means. By Henry Grey Graham, A.M. $0.15; Christ and the Powers of Darkness. By J. Godfrey Raupert. $1.00; The Mystery of Faith. By Kenelm Digby Best. $0.75.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:
The World's Story: A History of the World in Story, Song and Art. 14 Volumes. Cloth, $30.00.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia
The Romance of the Beaver. By A. Radclyffe Dugmore. $2.50.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:
Britain's Case Against Germany. By Ramsay Muir. $1.00; The Fellowship of the Mystery. By J. Neville Figgis, D.D. $1.60; The New Testament. Vol. III. Part V. Ephesians and Colossians, Philemon and Philippians. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J., and Alban Goodier, S.J. $0.40.

Mission Press, S.V.D., Techny, Ill.:
The Catholic Mission Feast. By Rev. Anthony Freytag, S.V.D. $0.60; Fireside Melodies. Edited by Frederick M. Lynk, S.V.D. $0.15.

Oxford University Press, New York:
The Oxford Book of American Essays. Chosen by Brander Matthews.

EDUCATION

Ships and Whales

IT was Mr. Rudyard Kipling who, with admirable success, taught the birds and beasts of India to speak. It was the same genius who, at a later day, extended his pedagogical labors to ships and bolts, and trains of cars, passenger and freight, and engines, steam and electrical. Of all this you may read in a book which Mr. Kipling called, if memory serves, "The Day's Work." Of the opening tale, the heroine is a ship just off the ways, a ship completed and ready to buffet heavy seas, except that her component parts were not, as yet, perfectly fitted one to the other. She squeaked, one gathers from the narrative, like a new shoe, and groaned like an old farm-gate slowly swinging in the vagrant breeze. But what the careful naval architect had failed to accomplish, was brought to pass by a storm at sea. The upheavals of the deep strained and wrenched the ship, beat and threw her about, until at last every part, accurately adjusted, lay in peace and harmony with its neighbor. The ship had found herself.

THE VALUE OF STORMS

A political state is an entity rather elusive, but for ages it has been designated by poets and schoolboys as a ship. Education, or what we are now pleased to regard as education, is likewise an elusive entity. An apology may be needed for likening it to a ship, but the storms that have raged about it may justify the figure. Perhaps we like to talk about it in figurative language, because we are not quite sure what it is. If we call it a ship, we may remark, quite truly, that its course is not smooth. We may term it a port, and reflect that it is on the sea-coast of Bohemia, or marked on the maps of the golden bourne that lies beyond the setting sun. We have doubts about the faithfulness of our charts; we observe with concern, that our compass spins about like a teetotum. Clouds cover the stars. In the good ship Education, bolt, rivet and plate, with whatever else Messrs. Cramp and Kipling put into a seaworthy vessel, are crying out, one against the other, in mutual distrust and discomfort. Whatever figure we choose to adopt, we will agree that we do not seem to be getting into port, and we are quite certain that our ship has not as yet found herself. The only hopeful sign is that a great storm is raging. It is very bad not to know where we are but it is worse to be headed away from the port, perfectly convinced that we are holding to the proper course. This storm, perhaps, may blow us into a safe haven. Or, as Mr. Kipling teaches, it may help our ship to find herself.

IS EDUCATION LIKE A WHALE?

If we do not know what education is, many among us are quite certain that we know what it is not. Persons with definite opinions on the subject, are apt to evince a temperament at once critical and pugnacious. They state their views with a heat recalling the *odium theologicum*. A teacher of long experience, now principal of a high school, recently said that while the race of lecturers and essayists on educational problems, sometimes amused and sometimes irritated him, few among them gave him or his teachers any practical help. They were more than ready to point out defects, but their eloquence failed, when they were asked to suggest a remedy. They were diagnosticians, solely. Their criticism was destructive. This is not education, they say, that should find no place in any rational scheme of mind-training. But what is education? How is it imparted, attained? We may seek the answer in the stars; it does not seem to be written in books, though many have tried to write it.

Mr. C. Hanford Henderson, for instance, has recently given us, through Messrs. Houghton Mifflin, the cream of his experiences, in a book entitled, "What Is It to be Educated?" He discourses charmingly for four hundred and fifty-six pages, but it can hardly be said that he tells us what education is, or what it is to be educated. One gathers that education resembles Hamlet's cloud: a camel, but backed like a weasel, and very like a whale. To do him justice, Mr. Henderson admits his failure, pleading, however, that it is better to have some defensible concept of education, than none at all. But the concept which Mr. Henderson selects as most immune from attack, will at once be rejected by a large school of philosophers, and by a larger school, we fear, of practical teachers. His apparatus, for one thing, is too elaborate, and in the next place, relies for its justification upon theories in philosophy and theology which are acceptable to Modernists and none other. In fact, Mr. Henderson is kind enough to tell us that our parochial schools, which he admires as "wholly logical and consistent," will at once be lifted to a higher plane, when the Church accepts this synthesis of all heresies.

A WATER PHILOSOPHER

Thirteen years ago, Mr. Henderson became the blushing author of a book, "Education and the Higher Life." This production he now regards as highly sophomoric. It was built upon the erroneous theory that it is possible for the human intellect to attain truth.

> The earlier book was founded upon the avowed idealism. . . . The central position of this idealism may be summed up in the one sentence—*All is given.* It was summed up in theology in its conception of the Deity—*the same yesterday, to-day and forever.* In a word, it was a fixed universe, and truth was pre-existent. Man's rôle was rather a dull one. He could amuse and profit himself by unwrapping the truth, but he could originate nothing, create nothing, alter nothing. In reality no act was significant, for the august universe remained the same.

Mr. Henderson has gone beyond the *nonum prematur in annum* of Horatian precept. In thirteen years, much water has passed under his bridges, and in this year of grace, he gives us his corrected impressions, subject, no doubt, to further correction, day by day. Idealism remains; no longer a static, but a dynamic idealism.

> All is *not* given; nowhere in the empyrean does the whole of truth exist; even God Himself, we believe, does not know what is going to happen, since all existence is continual movement, eternal creation. . . . This more fluid view of truth is too vital a matter to be ignored by education. On the contrary, it must be made the foundation.

And Mr. Henderson, having laid the foundation of the educational process on water, launches forth upon the deep.

THE OPTIMISTIC SCHOPENHAUER

Of the fluid nature of truth, Professor James and his followers have written flowingly. But it is a discouraging sort of a philosophy. Schopenhauer by comparison is a smiling optimist. The ingenious author of an old text-book on mathematics, proposed the case of an infinitesimally small animal, struggling to get out of a well. During a cycle of twenty-four hours, by dint of great perseverance, he would crawl through a distance equal to four times his bodily length. In the succeeding cycle, he would fall back three-fourths of the distance previously traversed. Mathematically speaking, would he ever get out of the well? Mr. Henderson's best attention is directed to this problem. He is a bug trying to get out of a well; a laudable pathfinder, calling us to follow his lead. Or, to change to a figure congenial to Mr. Henderson, he is an atom, floating on the sluggish stream of truth. Thirteen years ago, the stream was slowly but surely, as the melodramatists say, bearing him in the wrong direction. He tells us, that at the time, he was not aware of this aberration. What has happened in thirteen years to bring the error home to

him? How does he know that he is now headed for the port? How does he box his compass? Upon what new stars does he gaze? If truth is this subtle, elusive thing, which Mr. Henderson describes, shifting, changing from hour to hour, disappearing like the snows of yesteryear, hid with the gold at the rainbow's end, what is his warrant for asking us to reject his theories of thirteen years ago, to replace them by the theories which swam into his ken during his last meditation?

THEORY AND PRACTICE

Mr. Henderson's theory of truth can not bear critical examination. Mr. Henderson will probably be the first to allow this, theoretically, at least. But with an eye to the practical things of life, he writes a book on education, and asks us to accept it, while he confesses that in all likelihood, its very foundation is false, or may be false, before you have finished a first reading. To restate the scholastic concept of truth, is but to elaborate the obvious. The modern philosopher adopts it, partly at least, whenever he rejects it. For he rejects it as untrue, thereby implicitly affirming the truth of his denial. But no sane scholastic ever held, as Mr. Henderson seems to imply, that the finite mind of man can comprehend God. Nor did he hold that we can grasp the complete and ultimate truth, about so much as one small created object. Even Tennyson can teach that in his rhymes about the flower in the crannied wall. But he did admit that knowledge must grow from more to more. Logically, this concession is beyond Mr. Henderson. His formula would be, that conditioned theory must grow from more to more. For while the foundation of valid, definite knowledge is valid, definite truth, Mr. Henderson can not assure himself at any given moment that he *knows* anything, for he is never sure that he has arrived at the truth. He has opinions which he accepts provisionally. He entertains theories which to-morrow's sun may prove arrant falsehoods. "Here is a method," he tells his teachers. "I have some reason to believe that it may produce some good results. But if you press me, I must confess that I really know nothing about it." All this is theory. In real life, I have no doubt that Mr. Henderson is a hard-working, common-sense teacher, most remarkably like you and me, whose philosophy is that of the "As You Like It" shepherd.

OVERWORKED WORDS

"Now when *I* use a word," remarks Humpty Dumpty to Alice, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less." Mr. Henderson is not a greater sinner than his masters, but some of these were followers of Humpty Dumpty. Yet Humpty Dumpty, it will be remembered, called his overworked words together on Saturday night, and paid them double, thereby showing that he recognized them, and could tell them apart. Mr. Henderson will do well to prove that he knows his overworked words apart, by appending to the next edition, a glossary of terms. For we need a terminology. We stand in greater need of a few realities to which the terms we use so glibly, may correspond. That education can be looked on as a ship, a flat-car, a port, a sea, a process, an end-in-itself, a camel, a hump-backed weasel, and a whale, is due to the nebular philosophy which Mr. Henderson propounds with much literary grace and charm, for four hundred and fifty-six pages, exclusive of a bibliography which credits the "Grammar of Assent" to William Henry Newman.

Was it of Carlyle, that some one wickedly said, that he preached the value of silence in thirty-six eloquent volumes? Mr. Henderson has been at similar pains to prove that, since after all we can know little or nothing, we may as well accept his theories, and try them on the children. For we are wandering alone on a dark and starless plain, or think we are, for we can be really sure of nothing. "O, God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul," is a fair summing up of Mr. Henderson's philosophy.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Window Breakers

IF a child had been told all its life that breaking windows was a good occupation, would you blame it for breaking every window in sight? I think you would blame instead the persons who told it of the goodness of window breaking.

In so simple a case we see clearly. We place the blame where it belongs. But in cases only a little more complicated, we are often blind. When, not long ago, there were serious riots in Lawrence, a great many of us expressed our indignation quite freely. We condemned the attacks on property and the general lawlessness. Some, going even farther, condemned the men who did this and the individuals who led them. This was as it should be. You would punish even the little boy who broke windows because he thought it was right. You would make him remember for the future that it was not right. Where many of us were blind was in failing to see farther still. We condemned the strikers and their leaders without condemning the theorists whose ideas they were putting into practice.

PRACTICAL SOCIALISM

Socialism in its more violent forms has now existed for many years. A new generation of laborers has had time to be brought up on it. They have been taught that it is right and worth working for, and they have not had the word of the Church to show them the contrary. In Lawrence and Paterson and other places, they were simply putting their lessons into practice. Of course they must be taught new lessons; but while they are being taught, we must not forget to pity them and love them, for they need both pity and love.

They need pity because they are the scapegoats for every mad homeopath who has the ability to get his theories before the public. Those homeopaths are the real window breakers. At all times we are apt to underestimate the importance of theorists. We often laugh at them, and it is not until their theories are made tangible by other hands that we learn to give them the respect or the scorn they deserve. A European war was a theory till a few months ago. Every theorizing general staff had its plans drawn up. Suddenly each name on a paper list became a man leaving his home with uniform and rifle. Each spot on a map became a scene of slaughter, just as the theorists had planned. If ten hundred thousand men now in the prime of life are dead to-morrow, it is because the theorists have planned so well. Where a man fights for country to-day, the present theorists have planned that he shall fight for "class" to-morrow. The cause of humanity has not been strong enough to thwart the theorists in international war; will it be strong enough to thwart them in social war?

WHAT IS THE ANSWER?

The answer depends on the clearness with which Catholics see the laborers' position. Remember that theorists have been telling our laborers for years that they owe their lives not to country but to class; then ask yourself whether those laborers, living up to their teaching, are more to be condemned fighting for class than soldiers fighting for country. It is wrong to kill; but if you know another man is attempting to kill you, you may have to kill him in self-defence. Our laborers have been taught that others are killing them by slow degrees; having no warning to help them, they have accepted their lesson, and now they are almost ready to kill in return and to say they are killing in self-defence. They are doing

wrong; but how are they to know it? The fault is with the theorists. The theorists are now busy writing lists of names and making dots on pieces of paper. If each name becomes to-morrow a soldier of labor and each dot a scene of riot, it will be because the theorists have again planned so well.

PITY AND LOVE

Our laborers need pity because they are ignorant tools; they need love for a far deeper reason. They need love because they have had indifference too long. Indifference stings hate into life. We have watched the struggles of the poor for all ages; we have watched their honesty, their faithfulness. We have watched their tragedies, which are often so much greater than ours; and yet we have remained indifferent. Now it is time to have love for them. They have never needed it so much; and we have never seemed so loath to give it.

A pity which we must never show, and a love which we must show always; that is our message to the laborers. If we are laborers ourselves (and who shall say "this man labors and that man works"?) we shall find it easy to show love for our fellows. We can work cheerfully when others stop to listen to the gospel of hate. We can mix as freely with socialists as with our fellow Catholics. We can love each one as a man, and not be so little or so timid as to hide our love.

THE CHURCH'S MESSAGE

If we are not laborers, our task is harder, but all the more inspiring. We can not say too much, or the laborer will think we are patronizing him. But we can prove our love by doing the greatest deed the century demands; we can carry the message of the Church to the men who are killing our society. We can strip the hypocrisy from those whose indifference, whose dishonesty, whose greed have made all the malpractice of the mad homeopaths possible. We can stop the sources of the deadly poison that gives society its unnamed disease. We can say to the mad social doctors, "Wait!" and while they wait and watch, and while we try to win the trust and confidence of our laborers, we can hunt down, each one in his own sphere, the man-serpents who have bitten us. By forcing our message upon them, and by that act alone, can we prove our love for the unfortunate victims of the theorists.

RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

NOTE AND COMMENT

The *Lancet* describes a disease, of which many cases have been noted among prisoners of war. While painful, it is usually not of long duration:

> The symptoms are, first, great mental dejection, loss of appetite, indifference to external influences, and slight hectic fever. As the disease progresses it is attended by hysterical weeping, a dull pain in the head, throbbing of the temporal arteries, anxious expression of the face, watchfulness, increased fever and wasting. Its worst complication is encountered among young prisoners of war.

The name of this disease is *nostalgia*, or homesickness. The *Lancet* designates it as a disease of mental origin, a species of melancholia.

Last year ten thousand pupils in the Boston public schools were over age for the grades they were in. This is an improvement over the preceding year, in which thirteen thousand children were said to be in a retarded state. The Board of Education considers that these numbers are entirely too large, and has ordered that an investigation be made. If conducted properly, the investigation should throw much light on this difficult question. Medical inspection has shown in innumerable instances, that what was thought to be stupidity or ill-will in children, arose from the fact that they were suffering from some physical defect. Lack of proper food, unsuitable home conditions, account for other instances of retardation. Probably the majority of the parochial schools have some form of medical inspection; none should be without it. In several large cities, the medical inspectors appointed by the city, cheerfully give their services to the private schools; but where this is not feasible, Catholic physicians, internes of Catholic hospitals, or the authorities of Catholic medical schools, would gladly undertake the work. Medical inspection can be readily overdone; but there is also such a thing as having too little of it.

How badly Catholic social workers and social settlements are needed is indicated by the following remark taken from the New Orleans *Morning Star:*

> At one of these settlements . . . that of Kingsley House, the editor was told that over ninety Catholic children were in attendance. At another Saturday Sewing Class and Sunday School, conducted by Methodist women, we are informed that over one hundred of the children in attendance are Catholic children. There is food for thought in all this, and it is hoped that now our Catholic women have organized, that social settlement work will form a leading feature of their labors.

It is to be feared that these conditions can be paralleled in most American cities. There are indications, however, that Catholics are at last awakening to a sense of their obligations in this matter. It is high time. There can be little doubt that some of the zealous men and women who are in charge of non-Catholic social settlements, consider it a sacred duty to snatch little papists as brands from the burning. Their efforts are best counteracted, not by railing at them, but by supplying our poor or destitute Catholics with similar social advantages.

The Anglican *Church Times*, the only journal of any standing in England, as the *Month* points out, that could bring itself to speak evil of the late Holy Father, is greatly irritated because Benedict XV will not follow the advice given him weekly in its columns. Because he will not excommunicate, *en masse*, the Catholic soldiers fighting for Germany and Austria, says the *Month*, it has the incredible impudence to charge the Holy Father with being a *particeps criminis:*

> It calls upon the power of all others that is bound to observe the strictest neutrality, to pass summary judgment on the aims of rival peoples and to declare for the Allies. It invites the Holy See to do what its enemies would be only too glad to see it do, viz., to take sides in a political dispute, and to interfere with the secular concerns of secular States.

And, in the eyes of the *Church Times*, unless the Holy Father does all this, he participates in the guilt of murder. This is a folly even greater than that displayed by an American magazine, whose editor held that the Pope, had he so wished, might have prevented the war, by putting the aged Austrian Emperor under an interdict.

The delusion that the Middle Ages were periods of deep and deplorable intellectual and moral darkness still prevails in some penumbral quarters, just as some people still believe that Catholic priests have horns, and that bad tonsils are the principal cause of sin. Occasionally these persons break into print, and their eruption then serves to call forth such letters as Mr. T. J. Guilfoyle, of Brooklyn, recently wrote to the New York *Sun*. Mr. Guilfoyle directs attention to the following passage from Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's "Philosophy":

> To suppose that such an age as this (the Middle Age) can properly be described as dark, is only to invite attention to

the limitations of one's knowledge and sympathies. No age was dark in any true sense that witnessed the assembling of scholars at the feet of Alcuin and Hrabanus Maurus; that saw the rise of the universities, of guilds and of cities; that was fired by the enthusiasm and zeal of St. Francis and St. Dominic; that gave birth to the story of the Cid, of the Holy Grail, of the Nibelungen, and the Divine Comedy of Dante; that witnessed those triumphs of Gothic architecture that still delight each eye that rests upon them; or that knew the constitution of Clarendon, the Magna Charta, and the legal commentaries of Bracton.

A youthful essayist once wrote that we could, if we so wished, build Cathedrals which would put to shame the glories of Reims and Chartres. But our modern era is so dark, it would seem, that we do not even wish to build them.

The Boston *Pilot* reprints some interesting ecclesiastical statistics. After Italy, the United States has the largest hierarchy in the world, with one hundred and one archdioceses and dioceses. Italy has two hundred and seventy-four Sees for a Catholic population of about thirty-four million. Spain, with a Catholic population of twenty million, has but fifty-seven Sees; Germany has the same number for twenty-two million Catholics; in Belgium, six Sees contain eight million Catholics. In eleven years, Pius X added to the Church, twenty metropolitan Sees, fifty-five episcopal Sees, six abbeys and prelatures, and forty vicariate-apostolics. This represents a growth in the hierarchy, says the *Pilot,* of about ten per cent. in eleven years.

"Prodigious!" Dominie Sampson was wont to exclaim when confronted with the marvelous. His ejaculation may well be reechoed by those who have read the following announcement of a midnight Mass at St. Paul's Church in a certain eastern city. After describing the beautiful vestments to be worn on this occasion, the writer proceeds to comment upon the other features of this singular service:

> The solemn procession will recall those of the Parisian churches of the Madeleine, St. Sulpice, and St. Eustache, for the marshal of St. Paul's wears the French uniform of the Swiss Guard. The procession symbolizes the Church Militant, and is guarded by the sword of the body-guard. Below the canopied statue of the Virgin will be seen the Manger of Bethlehem, with quaint little figures from France, and two angels carved by Lang, who was the Christ in the Passion Play at Oberammergau. The great sanctuary lamp hung for several hundred years in the Cathedral at Palermo.

Without wishing to be irreverent, it must be confessed that this list of Paris, St. Sulpice, St. Eustache, French uniforms, swords, Oberammergau, and Palermo, sounds like an extract from the catalogue of a dealer in curios. And does the sanctuary lamp take part in the procession? The description of the new vestments puzzles one:

> The Church Triumphant is represented entirely in gold thread. All the hosts of heaven are depicted, each with his or her peculiar symbol.

These vestments must be very large, or else the work of the artist who engraved the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. For instance the Benedictine Order alone, it has been stated, has given the Church Triumphant, more than sixteen thousand Saints. It is hardly necessary to add that St. Paul's is not a Catholic Church.

The sixth annual convention of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society took place in New York during the past week. The main topic of interest was the unfolding of the actual condition of the society. Its organizing secretary, Dr. Harry W. Laidler stated that there were now some sixty chapters for the study of socialism in the various colleges of our country. During the past year fourteen new chapters had been founded. Among the institutions represented may be mentioned in particular, Adelphi, Amherst, Barnard, College of the City of New York, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Howard, Illinois, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, New York University, University of Pennsylvania, Princeton, Radcliffe, Union Theological, Y. M. C. A. and Yale. The last-named university contains at present the strongest socialist chapter.

The actual membership of the organization is not more than about one thousand; but the significance of the society consists in its propaganda work among the general student body, in the arrangement of public lectures and the distribution of literature. Students to whom socialism itself does not appeal may nevertheless be seriously affected by its materialism and other inherent evils which can lead only to the subversion of order and religion in society. During the fall season the organizing secretary alone addressed some three thousand students in a score of colleges in New York and New England. He spoke before twenty-seven economic and sociological classes, as well as "a number of college bodies at their chapel exercises." (!) Other socialist lecturers were likewise frequently engaged to address college groups under the auspices of the society. It is among the journalistic students and in literary as well as sociological groups that socialist agitation and literature may often produce the greatest harm. The delegate from Columbia, calling attention to the vigorous campaign carried on throughout the university, added: "The students on the whole are liberal, but the spread of socialism is greatest among journalists." These unfortunately are precisely the men who may later exercise the greatest power in moulding public opinion.

Some of the delegates on the other hand deplored the apathy of the students, who believed "that socialism is all right," as Miss Caro Lloyd, of the New York Alumni Chapter, expressed their argument, "but it will take a thousand years for it to come about, so what's the use?" This precisely confirms the point made before, that false principles themselves are often accepted though socialism itself is not taken seriously. So again complaint was made of the "esthetic kind of socialism" found in certain parts. To the same effect was the conclusion "that there were too many persons who sympathized with socialism in a vague sort of a way without doing any practical work." R. W. Chubb, of Harvard, believed that the greatest enemy to intellectual pursuits in general and to socialism in particular at his university was football. To make socialism more acceptable the Wilkes-Barre delegate suggested that the study program be varied by socialist plays, debates and stories.

Considerable attention was devoted to the war, since it is by such discussions that socialists will naturally strive to interest the student body. The British University Socialist Federation, in extending its greetings to the American comrades, admitted that the socialist international has been "shattered," but looked to the socialists in America to play an important part in its reconstruction when the war is over. There was little of any general importance said or done. The work of introducing revolutionism into our American colleges is merely to continue as before, while the authorities favor or permit the propaganda. With the countless moral and religious aberrations in non-Catholic institutions of our country we are not surprised that the red menace likewise should find its place. The rationalism taught from many a professorial chair has long ago prepared the way for it. The fact only emphasizes the culpability of parents who believe that they can safely neglect the admonitions of the Church and place their wisdom above her own when she points out the danger of non-Catholic education and insists upon a Catholic training and Catholic surroundings from first to last, as far as this is possible, for every Catholic student.